



Songs of Nature

BARHITE

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May 18, 1892.



Jared Barhite.

SONGS OF NATURE

BY

JARED BARHITE, Ph. D.



SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER

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DEDICATION

To all who love Nature, and to all who desire to love and enjoy her psychic, mystic, and material manifestations upon the earth below, the heavens above, and the soul within, while searching for the boundless treasures she has concealed from "A Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear", "Songs of Nature" is cheerfully and respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR

Long Island City, N. Y.

March 30, 1912



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PREFACE

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more.

—*Byron*

The groves were God's first temples.

—*Bryant*

To love a plant, a flower, or a tree does not necessarily require a botanical analysis, or an ability to separate and name all its parts, to ascertain to what species it belongs. Such analysis, as a science, may or may not increase the love of the examiner for the object examined and for the genus to which it belongs. The dissection may be interesting, as botanical science, but it usually fails to inspire a love for the object torn apart.

A cold-blooded destruction and analysis of a plant or an animal tends to alienate the affection and reverence of the examiner for the object in hand and all its related family, even though his knowledge of its physical construction has been increased. Fully to understand the niche in creation it was designed to fill, to feel the warm glow of friendship its beauty inspires, to see within its birth and development the purposes of its Creator, and to accept this child of the Great Father as a welcome brother, is the acme of satisfaction to intelligent man.

To him who loves Nature, in all her beauty and grandeur; who joyously turns his heart toward her for instruction and inspiration that will lead him into pleasant and benign paths, wherein his mind and soul may obtain knowledge accessible through no other sources; to him who would feel the thrill of joy awakened by the memories of the past, the associations of the present, and the joyous anticipations of the future while in the magic presence of her boundless charms, these poems are cheerfully and confidently offered.

Believing that the age of love for the production of verse pure in thought, chaste in language, elevating and ennobling in character, has not departed from the people; and feeling that this volume may be placed in the hands and keeping of both young and old to aid them in cultivating a love for the beautiful in Nature that may be seen on earth and in the heavens above, "Songs of Nature" is respectfully committed to the reading public by

THE AUTHOR

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Who sees in Nature naught to love,
And feels no joy when she displays
Her charms on earth, in heaven above,
A want of culture pure betrays.

SONGS OF NATURE

A Song of Nature

Sing, sing of Nature, O my soul,
And let the anthems be
Tuned like the spheres that 'round us roll
In perfect harmony,
Till every plant and flower and tree,
And all created things
Shall join in a sweet melody
To Nature's offerings.

Sing of the brook so pure, so free
That leaps adown the mountain side;
Of hills where squirrel and the bee
In quietude abide;
Of waving grain and velvet lawn,
Bedecked with diamonds bright,—
Fair offsprings of unclouded dawn,
Born of a starry night.

Sing of the orbs in yonder sky
That seem to man to be
Fair portals to the Deity,
Through which we almost see
A beckoning hand unto those spheres;
And Faith's strong telescope
Dispels the mists and clouds and fears
With radiance of hope.

Sing of kind Nature's boundless store
Of charms upon the earth;
Then take the wings of love and soar
To Him who gave them birth;
Then, then, my soul, in simplest art,
Attune thy sweetest lay,
And let the impulse of my heart
In song itself portray.

My Garden and My Gardener

Come, come with me to my parterre,
And joy with me the flora rare,
That bloom and blush in beauty there
To please my Gardener and me.
On sylvan slope, by marge of tarn,
Beside the streamlet mountain-born,
Where'er I look, where'er I turn
My Gardener's handiwork I see.

From tropic-zone He zephyr brings
To touch the tensioned, tuneful strings,
To which Aeolus softly sings
To waken slumbering flowers;
Then calls soft vapors from the sky
To mellow, warm, and beautify
The soil wherein in slumber lie
The incense-germs for May-day hours.

My garden and my Gardener
On me abiding joys confer,
For they are hope and harbinger
Of peace that unto me shall come

When known to me is full design
Of Him, and all His works benign
That bloom below, or yonder shine
 Within that fair, celestial dome.

At silent night when mortals sleep,
While stars their watchful vigils keep,
And dews the plant-germs gently steep
 My faithful Gardener is there,
To give a perfume to the flower,
To beautify the wilding bower,
To ward away the ills that lower
 Upon the objects of His care.

My Gardener has ne'er concealed
The beauties of the sky and field
From him who would have them revealed
 And seeks through Nature's laws to find
The true companionship that springs
From converse with earth's living things
'Mid scenes wherein kind Nature brings
 Beauties my Gardener designed.

Come, come with me to regions where
Infinitude of flora fair
Bedecks the earth, perfumes the air;
 Where Nature's minstrelsy is heard
From streamlet singing in the glen,
From trembling leaves of fair aspen,
From chattering notes of tiny wren
 And throat of many a warbling bird.

The Spirit of a Poet True

The spirit of a poet true
Is noble, kind, and brave;
Joyous may sometimes be his theme,
Sometimes sedate and grave,
Yet sings his soul aflame with love
For all that's pure and good,
Whether amid the surging throng
Or deepest solitude.

A smile he sees in arctic moss
That blooms on tundra wild,
As genial as the tropic rose
Or face of winsome child.
A fallen leaf, a faded flower,
The meekest plant that springs
Unfolds to him such theme of joy
That all within him sings.

A flake of snow in crystal rare,
A cloud hung in the sky,
A pendant drop by sunlight gilt,
A plume from wing on high,
A song of bird, a rainbow hue,
A thunder-peal from sky,
Is each a message unto him
From the Divinity.

What though in thought he dwell alone,
Away from other men,
Seek solace on the mountain-peaks,
Or in the silent glen,

His song is fraught with love for each
And tuned to mortal ears
To charm away the ills of life,
Allay its doubts and fears.

Go, bask with him for one brief hour,
In sunshine of the soul,
Hear music hymned by Nature's choir
And listen to the roll
Of harmony from unseen band
That soothes and joys him, too,
Then you may partly understand
The poet kind and true.

He holds communion with the tree,
The flower, the stream, the bird;
Hears Nature's sweetest symphony
By other ears unheard;
Sees in the worm that creeps him by
A brother strangely planned,
But fashioned for its destiny
By an unerring hand.

His soul expands and warms and glows
Through knowledge of the things
That Nature's laws to him disclose;
And thus his soul takes wings
And dwells with Him who all things planned,
And finds a solace rare
In knowing that all was designed
With wisdom, love, and care.

As hand in hand Bridegroom and Bride,—
God and fair Nature,—move;
The universe is fructified
With incense of their love;
And thankful voice from man and bird,
Wild stream, and ocean-roar,
Should through creation's realms be heard
In praises evermore.

The Haunts of the Muse

In rural haunts where Nature
Holds her supremacy,
Where plant and moving creature
Are blithe, winsome, and free;
Where crystal streams are flowing
Beneath primeval trees,
While on their banks are growing
Blue-eyed anemones;
Where songs of birds in chorus
Blend vocal harmonies
With wind-harps shrill, sonorous,
Played by a perfumed breeze;
Where Faun and Dryad linger
In their nocturnal dance,
Till note of feathered singer
Proclaims the morn's advance,
The poet loves to wander
And gather treasures rare,
Through communions that engender
A bliss beyond compare.

In wild entangled bowers,
Where bough and clinging vine
Mingle with fragrant flowers,
And lovingly entwine;
Where streams of limpid water
Well from the mossy sod,
Then dance away in laughter
To the watercresses' nod;
Where mingle ferns and mosses
The banks of stream beside,
And the pliant ozier tosses
Her head in pompous pride;
Where water-lily's fragrance
Perfumes the summer air,
 wooing lovers and vagrants
To linger longer there,
The bard holds sweet companionship
And drinks from that charmed stream
Whose waters Orpheus loved to sip
To make his notes supreme.

In meadows where the clover
And daisies bloom and fade;
Where coreopses cover
The upland and the glade;
Where waxen laurel blushes
In the majesty of June,
Among wild shrubs and bushes,
Ablooming all alone;
Where lichen and bright columbine
Embellish cliffs on high,
And kiss the radiant cheek sublime
Of cloud-forms floating by;

Where thunder of old ocean,
Beating upon the strand,
Hymns forth the true devotion
Of Oceanus grand,
The muse finds mystic solace,
Enchanting to his soul,
Drinks from Erato's chalice
The nectar gods control.

Where the surging multitude
Crowds most the city streets,
The bard may walk in solitude
Unconscious whom he meets,
His eyes oft-times withholden,
His mind entranced in thought,
His being so enfolden
In themes by muses wrought,
His eyes have lost true vision,
Ears deafened unto tone,
While he, in sweet elysian,
Dwells in his *thoughts* alone;
It matters not his station,—
A mendicant or king,—
'Mid plenty or privation,
His joyous soul will sing
And gather e'en from briars,
His pathway may bestrew,
What most his soul desires,—
Friendship with Nature true.

Nature's Laws

To him who sees in Nature's laws
The workings of a Hand Divine,

And seeks to find the Primal Cause
That truth within his soul may shine,
Shall come communion with his God,
Surpassing canons one observes
And holds, *in form*, because a rod
Threatens to punish him who swerves.

A tiny leaf, a budding plant,
A mossy bank, a laughing stream,
Has each a hidden element
Bestowed on it by Hand Supreme,
Which he alone can understand
Who seeks to know the truth and might
Of Him who darkness can command
And change it to life-giving light.

Adown the mountain vale there comes
A streamlet, dancing to that law
Which holds unnumbered orbs and homes
By cords unseen, that ever draw
With an unswerving power and force;
Fast holds, in poise, the universe,
And guides the planets in their course,
By ratios wise and terse.

Seek where we may through Nature's realm,
On earth, on ocean, heaven above,
A Guiding Hand is at the helm
With chart of universal love
To steer life's bark among the shoals
Where breakers wild dash into foam;
And as the last dark billow rolls,
Faith sees beyond abiding home.

Communion With Nature

'Tis sweet to hold communion
With Nature true and wild,
And feel the thrill of gladness
She breathes upon her child,
When close upon her bosom
We press the listening ear,
And fancy that the minstrelsy
Our raptured senses hear
Is sweeter than the chorus
By human choirs sung,
And richer than vibrations
Of strings so deftly strung,
That all their intonations
Are blended in one strain
By touch of fairy fingers
That enchant the sweet refrain.

The colors of the sunset
Upon the evening sky,
When flecked with fleeting vapors
Detachéd and awry,
Yield beauties that no artist,
Save God alone, can show
To eyes that seek such blendings,
And hearts that long to know
The hidden things of Nature
That ne'er can be revealed
To him who finds not heaven
In mountain, sky, and field;
For he who lives the nearest
To Nature's self shall find
Joy, boundless as the ocean,
As pure, as unconfined.

Deep in the leafy forest
A thousand tones are heard,
The laughing, dancing brooklet,
The song of sweet-voiced bird,
The buzz of bee on flower,
The leaf by breezes fanned,
The hum of tiny insect,
Whose feeble notes command
The heart-beat's modulation,
To learn the great decree
That frees the mind from ignorance
And sets the spirit free,
Through knowledge of those hidden things
That God only reveals
To him who loves all Nature,
And for a brother feels.

The dearest and the sweetest
Of all the charms on earth,
Are those that link our nature
To feelings that have birth,
When leaf and flower and fruitage
Steal our being for an hour,
And we are half unconscious
Of some mysterious power
That leads us close to heaven,
And points to joys supreme,
Where fields and flowers and happiness
Are not a transient dream,
But an abiding heritage
Whose limit has no end,
Whose every rock and tree and shrub
Is a true and trusted friend.

The soul expands as Nature
Pervades its every part
And leads it to the presence
Of him who made the heart;
It takes the wings of science,
The faith of saints above,
Calls God to be its teacher,
And emulates His love;
Sees every man its brother;
And all created things
Are but the links of brotherhood
To which their being clings;
Each claims rightful protection,—
The lower and the higher,—
As a part of its Creator—
A product of its Sire.

If heaven is not shadowed
Upon our spirit mind,
Through all its gorgeous tintings
And colorings combined;
If Nature has no language
To charm the ear and eye,
And books and birds and forests
Afford no minstrelsy;
If waving grain and orchards,
Freighted with fragrance rare,
Draw not the spirit heavenward
And lift the soul in prayer,
Then orisons are soulless,
Though voiced on bended knee,
And small must be our knowledge
Of the Great Deity.

Indices

'Tis strange how trifles light as air
Impress themselves upon the brain,
Enter unbidden, nestle there,
And there forever will remain.

One spring, beneath a dogwood tree,
A twig she bent, a flower caressed,
Removed the blossom tenderly,
And clasped it fondly to her breast.

A meek, blue-eyed anemone,
Tinged with a hue of heaven fair,
She garnered gladly, joyously,
And homed it deftly in her hair.

Some wild arbutus copseland born,
From which the bee his nectar sips,
She wreathed her forehead to adorn
And vie her blushing cheek and lips.

Such choice of flowers, such graceful mien,
Such deft arrangement, simple art,
Could but immortalize the scene
And leave sweet impress on the heart.

A germ was biding in each flower,
Each act a germ of love betrayed,
United they were magic power
Of love and beauty well displayed.

'Tis not the pompous act that charms
And holds the heart in durance sweet;
Simplicity all doubt disarms
And makes her victory complete.

Nature's Child

I would rather dwell with Nature,
And be her favored child,
To love plant, rock, and creature
As found in forest wild,
And feel the satisfaction
That I can understand
The beauty and attraction
Of motives noble, grand,
That fashioned for man's pleasure
This brilliant world of ours,
Than possess the jeweled treasure
Of all earth's kingly powers.

Teachings of Nature

By him who loves all Nature,
And lives with Nature's God,
The tiniest living creature
Is so well understood,
He sees it as a brother,
Though crude its form may be,
And counts it as another
Link of infinity
In the endless chain of being
From rhizopod to man,
In harmony agreeing
With the Master Builder's plan.

No soul can fill its mission,
Which deems that it alone
Is worthy of transition
From a hovel to a throne;

Which claims that lower creatures
With higher should not share;
Are aliens by their natures
From Providential care.
Life is a coruscation,
A spark of vital fire,
Infused, at its creation,
With a portion of its Sire.

The spirit of the Maker
May dwell in human form
That is also a partaker
Of the spirit of the worm;
For both have the same Father,
Both, His affinity;
Thus, each is to the other,
A matter of degree.
'Tis true the higher spirit
We designate as soul,
But why should man inherit
That spirit as a whole?

The Lover of Nature

To the lover of Nature in all of her phases,
A language she speaks to others unknown,
Unfolds herself freely and soothingly raises
The spirits of mortals who dwell in her zone.

She breathes upon such the fragrance of heaven,
And draws them away from the ills of despair,
Surrounds them with pleasures that cannot be given
To the worn devotees of society's care.

One hour of communion and solace with her
Is foretaste of heaven that naught else can give,
And he who would be God's true worshiper
With the links of his creatures should knowingly live.

Every rock is a treasure, each pebble a gem,
Though its luster to many may never be seen
It forms for true lover a bright diadem,
To crown cheery Nature as earth's fairy queen.

The vines of the valley and flowers of the field,
Coniferous trees and herbs of the wild,
Bring garlands and crowns that gratefully yield
The blessings of health and of joy undefiled.

Who, who can remain unimpassioned and lorn
'Mid the beauties that deck the earth as a bride?
Who, who the bright astral heavens can scorn,
When the cohorts of starland the firmament ride?

On the marge of the ocean of infinity
That rolls through unknown, unlimited space,
Let my eyes the beauties of Nature e'er see,
And my heart, the design of a Kind Father trace.

Then, then let my tongue a sweet song employ,
And blent be its cadence with chimes of my soul,
Till the concert shall fill my being with joy,
While the echoes of Nature intuitive roll.

Sweet Songs Silently Sung

' When evening shadows settle down
Around my cottage door
And twilight gently drapes the town,
The meadow, and the moor,

There come upon my memory
Some scenes of long ago
With perfume from a sacristy
Whose portals none can know
Save him whose life and being were
A counterpart of mine,
Whose thoughts, emotions, actions are
Shaped to the same design.

To wander o'er those hills so fair
And through the stately wood
Whose buds bestowed blossoms most rare
In lavish plenitude;
To sit an hour by singing rill
And listen to its tone
Till all my being it doth fill
With music like its own,
Is like recalling that fair home
By God to man forbidden,
And hearing angels bid me come
Back to man's primal Eden.

Each rock hath power to speak to me,
Each tree, aeolian tongue,
The brook for half a century
To me hath sweetly sung.
The wild rose and the columbine
A perfumed language speak,
The stately oak, the sighing pine,
And willow lithe and meek
Join in a trio keyed to notes
Caught from angelic strains,
Lifting the spirit till it floats
On waves of song-refrains.

The lay of lark and lilt of wren,
The jargon of the jay,
The madrigal of robin when
His lady lists his lay,
The sonnet of the bobolink
When poised on trembling wings,
And when beside the streamlet's brink
His ditty sweetly sings,
Are echoed on and on and on
Through memory's magic ear,
Bringing anew sweet songs long gone
And scenes of yore so dear.

The thrush's ballad sweet and clear,
The chippy sparrow's song,
The blue bird's "Cheery, cheery, dear",
The oriole's hymn so strong,
The catbird's evening chant of glee,
The veery's roundelay,
The redwing's cry of "Ok a lee",
The kingbird's clack of prey
Are sounds of music to be heard,
By memory's silent ear,
When fancy pictures field and bird,
As they in life appear.

Sweet, sweet to call through memory now
Past songs of stream and bird,
Sweet, sweet as tones of lover's vow
Are voices long since heard;
And forms as fair as earth e'er knew
That winged themselves away,
Through memory's lense again we view
Though transient be their stay.

They each and all a mission have
A service sweet, divine,
And he who heeds may joyous live
Amid such songs benign.

Dear Crescent Hills, so fair, so free,
Whose every nook I trod,
Loved temple of the Deity
Choice dwelling-place of God,
Thy sylvan bowers and singing streams,
Thy walls of granite strong,
Thy valleys where warm sunlight gleams
Thy fragrant flowers among
Are all, are all instinct with song,
And fraught with melody,
For Nature's harps to thee belong
Well-strung for minstrelsy.

Fair Crescent Hills, thou that hast sung
So many songs to me,
When I thy scenes have roamed among,
Impels this song to thee;
How can my muse be silent when
Thy songs were lavished me?
How can the impulse of my pen
Refuse to grateful be?
Could I an anthem sing sublime
To charm the choirs of heaven,
For thee in measured, choicest rhyme
It gladly would be given.

Loved Crescent Hills, when last mine eyes
Beheld thy crown so bright,
Bathed in the splendors of the skies
Emerging from the night,

My heart forsook its dwelling-place
Within this transient clay,
To bask upon thy smiling face,
And in thy radiance stay;
Mine eyes looked longingly to thee
Through lenses dimmed by tears,
As thy fair form called unto me
In voice of by-gone years.

Kind Crescent Hills, may my fond feet
Soon press thy sides again,
May I the wild flowers fair and sweet
Pluck in thy sylvan glen;
May I beside thy streamlet's flow
Hear music sung for me
In cadence sweet, divine, and low
As erst it used to be;
Then my fond heart will sing again,
Again abide with me,
And join in concert the refrain
Of bird and brook and bee.

That Cottage by the Stream

I am dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Such a sweet, entrancing dream,
Wherein lights of home are gleaming
From a cottage by the stream
That once sang and danced so cheery
When my childish heart did seem
Of the smiles of heaven aweary,
In that cottage by the stream.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Of happy days gone by,
Flowing stream, fair meadows,
The dome of azure sky,
Field and flower and forest
In beauty most supreme,
But to me the dearest
Is that cottage by the stream.

I am dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Of a voice angelic, sweet,
Gentle eyes with love-light beaming
That once more mine eyes do greet,
Bringing back a train of glory
To my heart, in a brief dream
That recalls the sweet, sweet story
Of that cottage by the stream.
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Of sacred scenes of yore,
Sweet as breath of heaven,
Oft wafted from that shore
Where the perfumed presence
Of remembrance brings a tear
Sweetened with ambrosia,
From a heart pure and sincere.

Blessed dreaming! Blessed dreaming
Of the days of long ago!
Tears of joy mine eyes are streaming
Bringing solace with their flow;
As my heart enjoys in vision,
Hours it gladly would redeem
From the past, the sweet elysian,
In that cottage by the stream.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Of trifles light as air,
Magnified through dreaming
Into a rapture rare,
Till the soul ecstatic
A song itself doth seem,
Keyed to notes seraphic
By music of that stream.

Tarry, tarry with me dreaming,
Tarry while in you I see
Eyes maternal on me beaming
Love and hope and sympathy.
Tarry while a voice is singing
Songs that lull me while I dream,
And I see the flowers clinging
To the cottage by the stream.
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Of happy days of yore,
Eyes upon me beaming,
Save in my dreams, no more,
Streamlet gaily gliding
In sunshine all agleam,
Loved ones still abiding
In the cottage by the stream.

A Merry Stream

There's a merry stream that flows by the door
Of the house where I used to play;
It laughs and it sings as it dances o'er
Bright pebbles that lie in its way;

With fair, fragrant flowers its banks are abloom
And it revels in joyousness
At the zephyr's breath that wafts the perfume
That is born of their loveliness.

The bobolink dwells near its brink all day,
And oft on his balancing wings,
While poised in the air, pipes a roundelay
That across the wide meadow rings;
Then winging away to the lily that bends
O'er the nest where his lady-bird broods,
Her home and her birdlings he bravely defends,
Assailing each foe that intrudes.

Bob White has his home on its borders, too,
His whistle so loud and clear
Is heard on the air, though he comes not in view,
We know that his presence is near.
His symmetrical form and bright, brown coat
Give a charm to his company,
His coyness of manner, clearness of note
Add a zest to his jollity.

But far beyond these comes a joy to me
While the brook still goes babbling on;
Sweeter than flowers and bird minstrelsy
Are the voices of loved ones gone,
Who dwelt by the banks of that purling stream,
The waters of which them beguiled,
Whose voices I hear in transport of dream
As they were to me when a child.

That beautiful stream forever shall flow,
And the bird-songs never may cease,

The flowers on its banks for ages shall grow,
Their beauty and numbers increase,
The song of the stream may unchanged be,
Till the rent earth shall yield its dead,
But the voice of its laughter brings unto me
What my soul has so comforted.

Sing, beautiful stream, bloom, fragrant flowers,
And birds, pipe your sweetest song,
Skies, smile on those magical, sylvan bowers
Around which fond memories throng;
But my vision-eye and my memory-ear
Have pictured a scene for me,
And tuned my soul its music to hear
Far dearer than all these can be.

The songs that are sung in the silent night,
That my soul-ear alone can hear,
And the scenes that afford the greatest delight
When my soul-eye discerns most clear,
Are the echoes and views of the present and past,
United and blended in one,
Till the rainbow of joy is over me cast
And I bask in the smile of their sun.

Dear, merry stream, that flows by the door
Of the house where once I played,
Save on memory's ear your songs no more
To me are in joy essayed,
But forever your tunes shall form a part
Of the music I love to hear,
And your melodies shall soothe my heart
Though your presence be not near.

Memory Scenes

I can see the brown leaves falling
From the maples near the door,
I can hear the cattle calling
As in happy days of yore,
When I wandered in my childhood
O'er fair hills and valleys wild,
Seeking through copse and wildwood
The enjoyments of a child.

I can see the clear stream gliding
'Neath the ancient bridge of stone,
Hear the happy waters singing
In that old familiar tone
That lulled me in those happy days
When life was in its spring
And Nature sang her roundelays
In almost everything.

I can see wild asters growing
'Neath the spreading maple trees
Whose crimson crowns are falling
At the sighing of the breeze.
They are just the same, I'm thinking,
As they were in days of yore,
When my frame was daily drinking
Draughts of health from Nature's store.

I can hear the cock's shrill crowing
And the cackling of the hens,
Hear the distant cattle lowing
In the meadows and the glens,

See yon wooded hills fast sleeping,
Waiting for my coming feet,
All their wealth of beauty keeping
In outlines most complete.

I can hear my heart-beat, sighing
For an hour among them all,
Feel my mental pulse replying
To the sounds that to me call;
And when long shadows falling
Bring on the starry night,
It is sweet to be recalling
Such joys through mental sight.

Nature's Voice

Each tree and shrub, each tiny flower
That grows in woodland, fen, or field,
Has a voice that calls aloud to me,
And a modest beauty half concealed,
That lulls my soul with a sacred strain
Of music sweet, divine, and low;
And paints for me the richest hues
That blend in fairest sunset-glow;
It speaks not as a tongue can speak,
Its voice is softer, sweeter far
Than tones that fall from minstrel-lips,
Where devotees of fashion are.

Each cloud that flecks the evening sky,
Or bears a rainbow on its face,
Is a message from the Deity,
Whereon the mental eye may trace

The Artist Hand that paints for man
The grandest scenes to mortals known,
And tilts heaven's canvas, just enough,
To give an insight to that throne
From which the richest of designs
Are hung in the celestial dome,
To win from earth the soul of man,
And lead it to a better home.

The surge that breaks upon the shore,
Then backward to the sea recoils,
Tells with its deep, majestic roar
That purity comes from its toils;
And while its spray is high in heaven,
And strand is trembling from the blow,
Unto that surging wave is given
Such life as Nature would bestow
Upon the terror-stricken worm
That sees not, knows not the design
That sent the purifying storm,
To prove to man a care divine.

Hang Nature's map before mine eyes,
And Nature's scroll on yonder heaven,
And solved are many mysteries
Surrounding sacred precepts given;
The thunder-peal is but the voice
Of Nature calling for redress
Of wrongs that her design annoys,
And asking surcease from distress;
And yonder orbs that brightly shine
Are but the lamps to light the way
To that fair realm whose light benign
Assures us of eternal day.

The thunders of an avalanche
That terror brings to vales below;
The groanings of a glacier staunch
Beneath its weight of ice and snow;
The roarings of the frost-king strong
Within the bosom of the lake;
The echoing moans the cliffs among
When Vulcan wills the world to shake,
Are voices of Creation's Sire,
Whereby is taught to puny man,
The wisdom and benign desire
Of him who did creation plan.

The silent voice of silent night,
Heard only by a conscious soul
That kens the span of wrong from right,
Yet holds such poise in its control;
The whispering of a summer breeze,
Perfumed with fragrance rich and rare
From banks of Flora's argosies,
That float upon us unaware,
Are Nature's calls to man to be
His arbiter 'twixt wrong and right,
Choose for himself his destiny—
Eternal day or endless night.

The Second Sunday in May

Softly the breezes dance o'er the meadows,
Wafting the perfumes of sweet-scented May,
Flecked are the fields with sunshine and shadows,
Telling so gently of earth's perfect day.

From moss-covered rock whereon we are seated,
Nature spreads scenes such as art cannot yield,
With flowers of rare beauty our vision is greeted,
Our ears with the bird-notes from forest and field.

Dogwood with tints from pink to pure whiteness,
Columbine crimsoned with pinnaced sheen,
Pinks of carnation, and orchards in brightness,
Vie with fair meadows in velvety green.

The bobolink chatters in notes of perfection,
The oriole sings a love-song to his mate,
The whip-poor-will clings to his perch for protection,
The crow laughs ha! ha! when the evening is late.

Squirrel and humming-bird flit by like spirits,
Jack-in-the-pulpit stands ready to preach,
The roll of the anthem the wood-choir inherits
Surpasses the harmony mortals oft reach.

The song of the bird-note, the hum of the bee,
The tinkling of waters, the bursting of leaves,
The perfume of flowers, the blossoming tree
Are sermons from Nature the pulpit ne'er gives.

My soul sings with these, with these has communion,
They lift me in thought to realms pure and bright,
They speak of a Nature with which to have union
Dispels deepest sorrow and yields pure delight.

Every sigh of the breeze, every note of wild bird,
Every plant that springs up from the earth's fertile
sod,
Is a sermon of eloquence when rightly heard,
That soothes me and brings me nearer to God.

Who basks in their sunlight, and drinks with the
flowers

The life waters flowing from spirit above,
Shall smile when the wing of the death-angel lowers
And sing songs of gladness his triumph to prove.

The Old Orchard in May

(To Music)

My heart turns with longings, when May-day draws
near,

From the turmoil and strife of the city so bare,
To the sweet-scented orchard, so quiet, so dear,
Where childhood was happy and knew naught of care.

(Chorus)

Old orchard so dear, where in childhood I played,
Your spell holds me yet in your charmed embrace,
So fragrant your blossoms, so balmy your shade,
No rival can ever your scepter displace.

For fairy feet spread was your carpet of green,
By angel hands wrought was your canopy blue,
While nymphs from the leaves and blossoms between,
Form magical mazes of exquisite hue.

On velvety sward at fair eve to recline,
And gaze through your boughs far into the sky,
And fancy that heaven knew no joy like to mine,
Was ever a pleasing though strange phantasy.

Old orchard at home has a charm yet for me;
Though branches have fallen and gone to decay,
I recall with delight the ecstatic glee
My childhood enjoyed at each blooming in May.

My childhood love lingers and grows more intense;
As orchard and I fall into decline,
Its perfume to me seems a holy incense,
And its blossoming bough, supremely divine.

Though friends now surround me whose presence is
 dear,
And true hearts are found wheresoever I roam,
No spot unto me elsewhere can appear
So sweet as that old, dear old orchard at home.

The old orchard at home has an augmented charm
As years in succession roll rapidly by;
And a halo of joy illumines the farm,
Which can fade not away till the day I shall die.

Could I choose but the place and the time when shall
 cleave
The ^{my} spirit I bear from its mouldering clay,
T were a transition less, could I quietly leave
From the orchard at home, in sweet blossoming May.

'Tis Nearing the Time for Arbutus

'Tis nearing the time for arbutus,
The time when my fancy takes wings
And transports me off to the mountains,
While my spirit in ecstasy sings
Of the sweets that blush there in silence,
Half hidden beneath moss and leaf,
And of incense ascending to heaven
From blossoms too rare and too brief.

Fancy calls up the copse and the heather,
Where petals of pink and of white
Shyly peeped from their perfumed seclusion
And fancied themselves out of sight;
But fragrance betrayed their concealment,
Distilling itself on the air,
Till the breeze, charged with sweetest aroma,
Confessed to their coy presence there.

O, beautiful flower of the heather,
So modest, so dainty, so fair,
So coy only eyes of your lover
Would look for your sweet presence there;
You deign not to dwell near the city,
But to bloom in deep solitudes,
In courts where bright fairies revel
And dance with the sprites of the woods.

There's an incense as pure and as holy
In remembrance of friends and flowers,
And the joys that encircled our being
In the heyday of life's halcyon hours,
As that which ascends from the altar
Where priests holy sacrifice bring,
And choirs, in harmonic measures,
The anthems of holiness sing.

To recall the fragrant arbutus,
And the presence of friends of yore,
Who with us searched hedges and tangles
For that sweetest and daintiest flower,
Brings a thrill of ecstatic pleasure,
Into which a thousand charms blend,
Thus soothing the soul into rapture,
Like return of a long-absent friend.

'Tis the time for trailing arbutus;
The shadows of cloudland float by;
The earth her bosom is baring
To the sun and the tears of the sky;
Warm spirits angelic awaken
The breast of our dear mother-earth,
And the daintiest daughter of heaven,—
Dear Trailing Arbutus has birth.

Could I hie me away to your presence,
And dwell for a season with you,
And drink from your rural seclusion
The nectar of blossoms and dew
That floats in the air, charged so fully
With incense that you have distilled,
My soul would expand into rapture,
My longings for bliss be fulfilled.

Who Loves Devoutly Nature Wild

Who loves devoutly Nature wild,
And sees in her the Master's hand,
Will seldom be a wayward child,
Though foul temptations 'round him stand;
Magnetic forces draw him back
From following low and vicious ways,
His soul revolts at the attack
That foe of Nature—Vice, displays.

Who, who would trust a soul so base
It cannot joy in Nature's store
Of boundless charms of wilderness,
And thunder-tones of ocean-roar;

Feels not a hallowed presence born
In quiet vale where flower and fern
Send up their incense night and morn,
As recompense for day's return?

The crystal stream within the vale
Where human foot hath never trod;
The peak to which no man can scale,
Whose only presence is its God;
The forest dense where shadowy pine
Obscures the light of sun and moon;
In harmony with heaven's design
To Nature's harp their songs attune.

The songs of the inanimate
Are not devoid of rhythmic sound,
Nor are they soulless, desolate,
In which no melodies abound;
Obedient to their Maker's laws,
They hymn aloud to mother-earth
The secrets of the First Great Cause,
By which a universe had birth.

The Natural Science Girl

She rambles hill and valley,
The woodland and the lawn,
Sometimes at dewy evening,
Sometimes at rosy dawn;
She seeks no boon companion
Save bugs and birds and bees,
The wild flowers of the meadows,
The rocks and grass and trees.

She sees the robin nesting
And hears his bridal-song,
As he pipes his dainty ditty
So plaintive, sweet, and long,
To cheer his loved one's labor
And lull her into rest,
Till the blue eggs give from bondage
The birdlings to the nest.

She knows the note of catbird
Whose mate is nesting near,
How he chatters eager warning,
Intensified through fear,
As a crafty, cunning serpent,
With his captivating eye
Holds his lady catbird
In a charmed captivity.

She knows the food and habits
Of reptiles, bugs, and worms,
Whether they're pests or profits,—
Man's helpers or his harms;
Whether on fruits or plants they feed,
Or live in armored walls
And prey upon each other
Like human cannibals.

She names the moths and millers
And gauze-winged butterflies,
Has catalogued the spiders,
Counted their legs and eyes,
Has analyzed the glowworm
And nocturnal fire-fly,
With their lamps of phosphorescence
And star-like effulgency.

The snails and toads and lizards,
The water-bugs and frogs
That live in marsh and meadows,
In swampland and in bogs;
The bees and ants and crickets
That swarm within the grass
Are all by her inspected
Through a magnifying glass.

Though katy-dids and locusts
And crickets never sing,
They swell a mighty chorus
With the vibratory wing,
Till the meadows, fields, and forests
These orisons combine
In a grand, sweet improviso,
Entrancingly divine.

Each sound from living creature
Expresses joy or fear,
But Nature's student only
Is true interpreter
Of all the tones and cadences
That float upon the air,
To tell of joys ecstatic,
Of sorrow and despair.

Each rock and tree and streamlet,
Each nook and quiet glen,
Is a pulpit of the Deity,
Carved by the Master's hand,
From which the myriad millions
Of insects, birds, and bees
Send up their daily orisons
In glorious symphonies.

To linger in their presence,
To interpret them in song,
Is a sweeter consolation
Than to join a human throng
That sings in a cathedral grand,
And swells with pomp and pride,
While bending at an altar
Where mammon's deified.

The blessed inspiration
Of hours with such as these,
And close communion with the flowers,
The mosses and the trees,
Lift the soul, the mind, the being,
To joys akin to heaven,
And afford the purest pleasures
That God to man has given.

The lowest of God's creatures
Has being not in vain,
But fills the niche assigned it
According to His plan;
We may not know the reason
Why life to it was given,
But He who it created
May have for its heaven.

That it has life and being
An evidence must be
It had its emanation
From the Great Deity,
Whose hand made nothing useless,
However rude its form,
Whether spirit angelic,
Or but a lowly worm.

The health of mind and body,
The wealth of soul and song
Are found in field and forest
The living things among,
Not in the maze of fashion—
Society's gay whirl,—
But out with Nature's goddess,
The Natural Science Girl.

Reflection

When heliotrope and roses
Abroad their perfumes send,
And brilliant hues of myriad flowers
In harmony shall blend;
When music's diapason sweet
Floats from the trembling strings,
And vibrant keys of organ grand
Send out their offerings;
When twilight fades into the night,
And memory claims the hour
For sweet seclusion's solitude
With all its magic power,
Then summon back life's early years,
Recall fond scenes so dear,
And gather joys from memories,
Though they may bring a tear.

When brilliant gems in evening's crown,
With scintillations bright,
Reveal fair realms, else never known
Through darkness of the night,

And all the jewel-hosts on high
Tell of their Maker's love,
And all those spheres of brilliancy
In grand procession move
To music sung by angel choirs
Without a note ajar,
And naught of friction, discord, strife
The harmony to mar,
What mind and heart unmoved can be,
At such entrancing train?
What tongue, by silence, can refuse
To join the sweet refrain?

When on some mountain-peak we stand
While clouds float far below,
And rocks above are hidden quite
'Neath sheets of crystal snow;
Or when mid-way on mountain side,
The wild flowers bloom in spring
Beside the singing rivulet
June's sunny days shall bring,
While at its base in loveliness,
The earth is richly dressed
In all the pomp and pageantry
The tropics e'er possessed,
Who does not feel his pulses thrill
With ecstasy profound,
Smile on the handiwork of God,
Such mountain scenes surround?

When by the ocean's marge we stand
While waves break on the shore,
Urged by the fury of the storm,
Until their sullen roar

Seems like ten thousand thunder-peals,
Merged into one deep tone,
And trembling beach and angry sky
Reverberate the groan,
And crests of ocean waves so white,
Caught by the howling wind,
Are cast far up among the clouds,
Where winds and waves combined,
Give to the yeast-like foam on high
Strange forms of fearfulness,
Then puny man shrinks in dismay
At his own feebleness.

Niagara in thunder-tones
His voice sends up to heaven,
And paints his radiant bows of peace
Upon the mists which, driven
By his own breath, dance gracefully,
In a procession fair,
To music of aquatic gods
That dwell in beauty there.
Incessant since from chaos sprang
The earth and ocean wide
Has been the thunder of his voice,
The surging of his tide;
Incessantly from founts above,
He draws aquatic store
And like all living things of earth,
Receives from God his power.

From quiet scenes of lowly life,
A leaf, a twig, a straw,
A tiny flower born most obscure,
A lesson we may draw;

Each fills its niche in Nature's plan;
Each has its work to do;
And murmurs not, makes no complaint
At life it must pursue.
And when its purpose is fulfilled
It gently falls to sleep,
To waken at the Master's call,
And all His bidding keep.
Thus plant and stream, and mountain grand,
Each thing upon the earth,
Has in each self a purpose pure,
Why it was given birth.

Be calm, my soul, and listen well
To Nature's song and voice;
Her teachings are designed to make
Her devotees rejoice.
It matters not where one may be,
On mountain height or plain,
Her song is true to her own self,
And sweet is its refrain;
The thunder of a mountain storm,
The sighing of a breeze,
The tinkling of a tiny bell,
The roar of angry seas,
If heard aright are lessons given
By Nature unto man,
To teach him her beneficence
And majesty to scan.

Thrice happy he who reads aright
These lessons in his youth,
Who learns through Nature's teaching fair
The beauties of her truth,

And folds them closely to his heart
Until he shall expand
Into the fullness of that joy
Her light and love command;
Until he shall drink from her cup
The nectar gods distill
For all who quaff their thirst with her
And her behests fulfill;
Until his sunset life shall be
With radiance aflame,
And with Truth's lamp to light his way,
His heritage shall claim.

Reverie

In reverie sometimes one's fancy
Turns to scenes of earlier days,
Sweetly, fondly turns them over,
While within the heart-beat plays
Music sweet, so long remembered,
Sung by brooklet in the wild
Where he wandered, searching wild flowers
When a blithesome, happy child.

Field and bird and flowing river,
Tree and rock and purling stream,
Reappear toward life's fair sunset
As a sacred, hallowed dream,
Lifting gently Time's thin curtains,
That around the present cling,
Till youth's ecstasy returning
Makes the soul enraptured sing.

Mossy bank and streamlet flowing,
Shady nooks where silence reigned,

Skies with azure so entrancing
Views of heaven are almost gained,
Come again as erst in childhood,
While instinctively the ear
Lists to catch familiar cadence
Of a voice it longs to hear.

Silent are the voices human,
Only the inanimate
Are possessed of present function
To our souls articulate;
Changed, so changed are all save Nature;
Youth and manhood long, long gone;
Rocks and trees and streamlets, only,
Uninterruptedly live on.

These shall lull the hearts of millions
Who may sometime prize their worth,
These shall charm the sage and poet
Yet unborn upon the earth;
Here unchanged may be the music
Of the ever-flowing river;
But the voices of our loved ones,
Shall be hushed on earth forever.

In the great unknown hereafter
Special joy, perhaps, 'twill be,
To revisit rock and river,
And the sacred trysting-tree;
To revisit scenes now hallowed
Over which we fondly brood,
Giving foretaste of yon heaven,
While reposing in such mood.

Sunset

Softly the tints of the expiring day
Tinge the clouds of Hesperian heaven,
Leaving a trace of the sun's mellow ray
To escort the day into shadows of even.

The curtains of Phoebus are fully drawn,
Yet his splendor has left to sight
A trail of enchantment to linger till dawn,
To charm the still hours of the night.

Scenes of such cloud-land often reveal
A grandeur that soothes the soul;
Heaven has no beauties it seeks to conceal,
No secrets inscribed on its scroll.

Through the earth for an age we may roam,
And through space our fancy may fly,
Yet no beauty ever can unto us come
Surpassing the God-painted sky.

When we think of the forces displayed
To prepare for a cloud-scene at even,
Of the elements deftly arrayed
That a gorgeous effect may be given;

Of the mists and the winds and the light,
Of the blendings no artist can teach;
Of the mysteries hidden from sight,
That the knowledge of man cannot reach:

Of the order, the purpose, design,
Of the pictures that hang in the sky;
We must know that the hand is divine,
That arranged such effulgency.

Then faith lifts the curtain that hides
The spirit that ordained the plan,
And assures us He ever abides
To bring peace and joy unto man.

At sunset my spirit shall sing
Of the beauties the elements yield,
And my heart shall an offering bring
To the Artist of sky and of field.

When I from this dwelling of clay
Shall depart to that unknown sphere,
May it be at the close of the day
When the glories of sunset appear,

Then a light shall shine from God's throne
Through a tilt of the innermost door;
And I recognize faces well known
That have joyously gone on before.

Soothingly, sweetly comes unto me,
The thought that my soul may rest
In a land whose glory shall be
Like cloud-scenes that glow in the west.

What my mission shall be when there
I know not, not may I here know,
But, waiting, I patiently may prepare
To reap from my planting below.

A Faded Leaf

A thoughtful mind may lessons draw
From faded leaf or broken straw;

May beauty see in some lone star
That cheers the storm-tossed mariner;
May note, in solitude, some sound
Wherein soft harmonies abound;
May hear no voice from human lip,
Yet dwell in blest companionship.

'Tis not the brilliant things of earth
That have the most intrinsic worth;
'Tis not the fairest meteor
That flashes but to disappear;
But that which yields a steady glow
And fills the soul with joys that flow
From Nature's storehouse full and free
And leads the mind her truth to see.

'Tis not the tongue whose promises
Are fiction-fraught, and flatteries
To charm the trusting ear and heart,
Regardless of the pain and smart,
And agonies of dark despair
Its foul deception planted there,
That should be cherished, trusted most,
And made the heart's confiding host.

Fair Nature scorns a painted lie,
A tongue of deep hypocrisy,
A soul inverted by itself,
In the pursuit of worldly pelf;
Enough for her to paint the real,
Her truth she never will conceal
From him who would her secrets know,
And lovingly her spirit woo.

Artist Nature

When Aurora springs from her couch of clouds,
And opens the gate of a perfect day,
And her father, Sol, in his daily rounds
Advances his light toward Polaris' ray,
Then the vernal bloom and the warbling bird
That follow his track as he speeds along,
Send a fragrance pure on the morning air,
And fill leafy grove with frolic and song.

Oceanus lends invisible bowls,
Well-filled with vapors that rise from his breast;
Eurus is summoned to waft them afar,
And scatter them over the distant west,
When Sol with his brush and an artist's touch,
Paints on the sky all the glories of heaven,
In colors more bright and blendings more true
Than ever by mortal to canvas was given.

One sunset scene in Hesperian sky,
When the canvas of heaven is all ablaze
With the glorious tints, and the pageantry
That, to mind of man, so clearly portrays
The wonderful skill of Omnipotent hand,
And the tender touch of a boundless love,
Is an omen true—an infallible proof—
Of a Deity wise who presides above.

Spread Nature's fair canvas from pole to pole,
And mingle earth-mists with the solar rays
Of the dying day, till a perfect scroll
Shall spangle the heavens, and kindle a blaze

Illuming the courts of the throne above;
Artist Nature, then, will stand, brush in hand,
To tint every scene with a sacred love,
And stamp with the seal of the Master Grand.

A Quiet Nook

I often long for some quiet nook,
Away from the noise and strife
That come from the steady daily round
That absorbs my busy life;
Away in some shady forest
Where silence is supreme,
Save the song of feathered minstrel,
And the laughter of a stream.

Far away among the dark shadows
That form Fauna's trysting-bowers,
Where my soul may drink of the perfume
That floats from the plants and flowers,
Where alone with my heart and Nature,
Sweet converse I may hold,
There gathering strength for the duties
And cares that around me unfold.

How sweet are such hours of seclusion,
Away from the hum of the world,
Where the tensioned nerve is rested,
Where the mental flag is furled,
Where the ear and the eye weary,
No longer by trials oppressed,
Join the soul in a happy elysian,
And bask in the sunshine of *rest*.

Could one wish for a better heaven,—
An Eden devoid of sin,—
Than that unto mortals given
Where the turmoil and strife and din
Of life's tensions are laid aside,—
And the soul and the mind both free,—
And Nature comes in to preside
At the banquet—tranquillity?

The Star

Perhaps that star in yonder sky
May be my dwelling-place on high
When life on earth is done;
At eventide I love to gaze
Upon its soft effulgent rays
When silent and alone.

Its brightness charms and draws my soul
By some mysterious, strong control
I cannot well explain,
Unless it be within it dwell
The friends of earth I loved so well
Who could not here remain.

Its scintillations fervid, bright,
Are more than coruscation's light
From forge and anvil cast,
When new creations God prepares
For him who here his likeness wears,
And moulds with fervent blast.

It may be in that star so fair
A home for me God will prepare,
And open wide its door

When all my work is finished here,
And he shall call me to appear
 With those long gone before.

Bright star of beauty, shine, shine on,
Reflecting smiles from those long gone
 And light from loving eyes,
That cheer me while I tarry here
And pilot me with lamp sincere
 To home in your fair skies.

Shine on, shine on, dispel the gloom
That hovers 'round an earthly tomb
 Where mortal man must rest;
Light the immortal to that home
To which your brightness bids us come
 To be forever blest.

A Cricket's Song

As a cricket sang his song to me
 On a late September eve,
The tone had a sadness in it
 That over my spirit did weave
A spell of gloom, at the requiem
 He sang in his solitude,
For the dying year, the fading leaf,
 And flowers by frost subdued.

His song was sung with a broken wing,
 And the droning sound it gave
Was akin to the saddest requiem
 That croons o'er the wintry grave

Of the insect throng, whose work is done,
Whose lives are passing by,
As the touch of icy-fingered Death
Stills their joyous minstrelsy.

That song was an echo of his life,
Poured forth at his passing hour,
A message sent, in thankfulness,
To the fading leaf and flower;
Yet his frosted wings and stiffened limbs
Bade not his votive song to cease,
But tuned his chords to vesper hymns,
And to dying notes of peace.

Autumnal Insect-Songs

Autumnal gloaming's insect-song
From vibrant wings or tuneful voice
Of the unnumbered, happy throng
Of soulless creatures that rejoice
Amid the grass, the shrubs, the trees,
And sing their orisons sublime,
Surpasses oft the harmonies
Of choruses in measured rhyme.

Entranced with joy, the raptured ear
Selects some soft and soothing tone
Of song it would be pleased to hear,
If sung in freedom and alone;
And yet the blendings are so sweet,
Cadence so soft, so pure, so low,
The song would languish incomplete,
Were any sound enforced to go.

'Tis sweet 'mid Nature's swarms to dwell,
And hold communion with the wings
That in their joyous action tell
Their humble, thankful offerings
To the Great Giver of all good,
And chant their dirges ere they die,
In peaceful, joyous solitude,
And thankfulness to Deity.

Autumnal gloaming, fraught with sound
Of saddened sweetness born of death,
Ten thousand charms with you abound,
In insect-song and zephyr-breath;
Attune my ears to catch the strain
That flows mellifluent from the throng
That sings its dearest, best refrain
As life ebbs out in joyous song.

So may I sing, at life's decline,
The sweetest songs mind can conceive,
The melody, perfect, divine,
Should on and on, forever live;
And laying down this earthly trust,
Calmly await life's blissful even,
Knowing that dust shall claim its dust,
And spirit find its home in heaven.

Such songs as these be mine to sing,
When last mine eyes shall look upon
The sunset of life's evening,
And all my work on earth is done.
Nor should the insect's vibrant wings
Respond to faith's unfaltering trust,
With sweeter songs and offerings,
Than should my soul-illuminated dust.

Sing on, sing on, sweet insect choir,
And teach my soul to sing a song,
That shall all mortals so inspire
Earth shall become a minstrel throng,
With tongues ecstatic, chanting praise
To Him who made and clothed the field
And set the dome of heaven ablaze
With astral worlds to us revealed.

To a Mountain Brook

Shy sylvan spirit singing so sweetly,
Dancing to measures that flow in your song,
Frolic your fairy feet faultlessly, fleetly,
As down the mountain vale speed you along.

Babbling buoyantly by banks and bushes,
Laughingly onward you hie to the sea,
While at your mossy sides joyously gushes
Fountain's from Nature's bowl, healthful and free.

Naiads and Nymphs hold revels at midnight,
Dancing to music that comes from your flow,
Dryad and Faun peep out at the moonlight,
Through rents in green curtains that over you grow,

Here would I pour my soul out in wooing
The spirit that dwells in your charmed home,
Here would I linger gladly, if knowing
My waiting would lead it, at last, to come.

Let me while with you here learn of the spirit
Of peace and comfort abiding in you,
Then shall my nature truly inherit
A love for the beautiful, joyous, and true.

Offspring of truth and joy, ever singing
Of purity born in the cloudlands above,
In your descent to man ever bringing
The harvest of health and fruitage of love,

Sing to me sweetly of home in yon heaven,
And teach me how such transition can be
From the taint of the gutter, by earth, to you given,
To the rain's crystal drops and the snow's purity.

"The smile of the sun and the warmth of his love,
Divorce me from ties by earth-dust defiled,
And ere I can rise to the fair realms above,
I must cleave from all refuse by which I was soiled."

Mountain Brook

Beneath the shade, deep in a dell,
Where fairy spirits ever dwell,
Away from haunts of men,
A living thing of Godly birth,
By Nature's law, springs from the earth,
To gladden vale and glen.

Ten thousand fairies clad in green,
Enliven the sequestered scene
With noiseless dance and mirth,
And minstrelsy of heaven conspires
With liquid laughs and wind-played lyres,
To charm mortals of earth.

The rocks and trees bedecked with moss,
And quivering leaves with silvery gloss
Drink from the dancing spray,

Which rising from the seething foam,
Seeks its bright ethereal home,
And smiles on orb of day.

No discord here my spirit jars,
No artful smile my comfort mars,
For Nature's self is true;
Here beauty, grace and peace conspire,
To make my inmost soul desire
A heart with kindred view.

Who dwells in such companionship
Builds fountains whence the soul may sip
Heaven's sweetest gift to man;
Sees beauty reign as God designed,
Has purer love for all mankind,
And lives near Nature's plan.

Loved mountain brook, so pure, so true,
I'd rather spend an hour with you
And harmonize my soul
With the sweet melodies you sing
And all the joys your concerts bring
Than sit where flowing bowl

And jocund laugh of merry crowd,
In accent wild, profane, and loud,
Break on the midnight air,
For you bring peace and joy and rest,
Refreshment for a mind distressed,
And banish grief and care.

Your songs by flowing volume keyed,
Measured in accent and in speed
O'er rough and rock-ribbed bed,

Are melodies from choirs of heaven,
To Nature's child divinely given
To be interpreted.

Your treble notes and deep-toned bass
Are modulations in the race
You run toward goal of sea;
Attuned by rock and fall and strand,
To music mild or thunders grand,
Your songs bring joy to me.

Here can the tensioned nerves find rest,
Here can the mind with cares oppressed
Find surcease from all strain,
And here the soul may solace find
To strengthen body, spirit, mind,
For toils and cares again.

When I shall sleep my final sleep,
Fain would I rest where you will keep
A tuneful voice for me;
Then to my spirit will be given
That foretaste of a blissful heaven,—
Nature's sweet harmony.

To Trinity Lake, Poundridge, N. Y.

Fair Trinity, heaven's emerald gem,
Set in a royal diadem
Of beauty, greater far,
Than ever graced the head of king,
More brilliant is thy glistening
Than blaze of brightest star.

I love thy shores of sylvan green,
Thy crystal waves of heaven-born sheen,
 Thy mirrored clouds and wood,
Thy bays and nooks of silence, where
I all alone oft-times repair
 In blissful solitude.

Deep are thy waters pure, serene,
Lying the hills and woods between,
 Reflecting cloud and star
So perfectly upon thy breast,
Heaven seems inverted and at rest,
 Where thy fair waters are.

When summer comes, to ply the oar
And gather flowers along thy shore
 Is pleasure undefined;
But when fair evening sends her breeze,
Perfumed with fragrance from the trees,
 Come bliss and health combined.

Supreme delight to woo thy side,
And feel to thee I am allied,
 By ties in heaven born,
To all this matchless scenery,
And boundless charms that come to me,
 From haunts that thee adorn.

When I shall sleep on yonder hill,*
My spirit life shall hover still
 Around thy rippling wave,
Denying Death to break the bond
That holds me here, will hold beyond
 The confines of the grave.

* Interlaken, the family cemetery, is on the hill between the lakes.

Oceanus' Mirror, Trinity Lake, Poundridge, N. Y.

I've been charmed with many a picture
That has brought its maker renown,
I have looked on beautiful valleys
From a mountain's lofty crown;
I have gazed on the sky at evening
When the heavens were all aglow;
But they fail to yield me such pleasure
As this scene in the waters below.

Fair Trinity lay in her beauty,
Not a ripple was on her breast,
Her borders with hemlock and mosses
And beautiful flowers were dressed;
Clear as the air on her bosom
Were her waters so pure and so deep,
They seemed like the magical mirror
That Flora and Nereus keep.

Where the rocks and the trees hang over
The marge of her western shore,
My boat glided slowly onward
Without the aid of an oar,
When glancing my eye to the shadows
Reflected from shore near at hand,
There appeared a clear panorama,
So mystic, entrancing, and grand.

Down, down, far down in the waters,
And touching the brink of the lake,
Was a picture no master-painter
With pencil or brush could make;

Gray rocks, green trees, and bright flowers,
Inverted and magnified, too,
Seemed perfect in all but proportion,
And their upturned, chimerical view.

It seemed like a fairy enchantment
Inviting to feasts down below,
Where grottoes and caverns of beauty
Illumined the flowers that grow
To charm the nymphs of the waters,
And beguile the shy sylvan elves
To the banquet of Old Oceanus,
Where guests ever help themselves.

Some spirit seemed calling me sweetly,
Inviting me there to partake
Of the fanciful pleasures reflected
Far down in the clear, placid lake.
O beautiful scene of reflection!
So perfect, so grand, and so pure,
In my mind that mirror enchantment
To the end of my days will endure.

October

The dying year in beauty stands
Embellished in her best attire,
Holds garlands in her lavish hands,
Kissed by the sun's declining fire,
Till blushing hues commingling,
Blend colorings with sober green,
And by such union gently lend
Enchantment to the fairy scene.

The sumac and the goldenrod
Blend with wild asters many-hued,
While bitter-sweet and ivy nod
To zephyrs sighing through the wood;
The alder crimson-beaded stands
The blithesome, babbling brook beside,
And in such royal robe, commands,
The love of his fringed gentian bride.

The dying year is richer far
Attired in her resplendent dress
Of golden crown and crimson star
And all her mottled loveliness,
Than infant spring in swaddling bands
Of many-shaded, verdant hills,
And meads far-stretching o'er the land
On which the breath of seas distills.

The dying year like dying saint
Emits a halo 'round its head,
Stands glory-crowned, makes no complaint,
And seeks not to be comforted;
Like soul-illumined man, each tree
Stands bright within its Maker's glow,
Reflecting a divinity
To brighten all the world below.

The dirge is sung by insect choir,
Attuned to notes supremely sweet,
Expressive of a calm desire
To make thanksgiving song complete;
Then wrap each self in dying bloom,
Surrender life to Him who gave
A golden wreath to be its tomb
And lasting peace within its grave.

The Stream's Story

I sat me down in a forest old
Beside a low-murmuring stream,
And lent my ear to a tale it told,
That was more than fancy's dream.

It told me of days when the earth was young,
When it flowed more cheerfully,
When its waters sang the rocks among,
As they danced on toward the sea.

"In those ancient days my banks were filled,
Nor shrank I from heat or frost,
For the shaded, moss-crowned earth then held
The waters that now are lost.

"The old forest then stretched far away,
And its sheltering arms embraced
Sweet perfumed plants and flowerets gay,
Whose smiles long since have ceased.

"The sturdy woodman plied his blade
And that forest old laid low,
Now, the burning sun, from the want of shade,
Has robbed me of my flow.

"When clouds discharge, my waters roar
And my spoils are sad to see,
For the earth-vaults, where I kept my store,
Hold no surplus now for me.

"Man's greed for gold my beauty marred,
And robbed me of my joys,
But I sing again with hope restored
When I see the girls and boys,

“Who come with their songs in merry May,
O'er valley, hill, and plain
To plant young trees on Arbor Day,
So, in joy, I smile again.

“When the earth was young I blithely sang
And danced in my mirth and glee;
My music then through the forest rang,
As I bounded on to the sea.

“My song again I will gladly raise
If my banks are filled for me;
And I'll chant in lays the children's praise
When they come my flowers to see.”

Arbor-Day Tribute

(Set to Music)

With lavish hand our God has spread
Beauty and fragrance o'er the land,
His smile revives the seeming dead,
Nature awakes at his command.

He breathes upon the leafless tree,
He whispers to the tiny flower,
His touch awakes the slumbering bee,
And each obeys the Almighty power.

The perfumed breeze of smiling May,
The dancing stream on mountain side,
The wild bird's trill of joyous lay,
Proclaim His goodness far and wide.

Attune our hearts to sing Thy praise,
Expand our souls to comprehend
Thy attributes and all Thy ways,
And be to us a Guide and Friend.

We plant today within the mould
The stock that needs Thy tender care,
Send deep its roots, its buds unfold
In answer to our faith and prayer.

And when these limbs shall wide expand,
And twigs their myriad leaves shall bring,
May thankful hearts beneath them stand,
And birds among them sweetly sing.

May men here learn to feel and know
The beauty, grace, and majesty
Of trunk and twig and leaf and bough
That form his blessed friend—a tree.

The Rose

When dewy morn of balmy June
Awakes and blushes in the east,
When song-birds pipe their sweetest tune,
And Nature spreads her grandest feast;
Among the rare and fragrant plants
Whose petals most of heaven disclose,
In foremost rank—far in advance,
There stands the sprightly, smiling rose.

Its home is on the wide, wide plains,
In valleys where wild torrent foam,
In solitudes where silence reigns,
And by the cotter's humble home;

It cheers alike the rich and poor
On Alpine heights and by the sea,
By castle wall or peasant's door,—
It justly claims ubiquity,

Could blushing beauty born of heaven,
Or world-wide worship win the prize,
Could fragrance, fancy, fame, or even
The rich rays of reflected skies
Soothe sorrow's sharp and scorching sting,
And give the world complete repose,
Then men should shout and children sing,
"The flower of State must be the rose."

The Goldenrod

When August sunset's yellow blaze
Streams out o'er meadow, field and lawn,
It seeks some shrine wherein its rays
May linger till return of dawn;
And touching gently with its sheen
That graceful plumage of the sod,
Its constellated gems of green
Are changed to glorious goldenrod.

Its home is in the sterile soil,
Deserted by the rustic swain
Because it yields not for his toil
The recompense he would obtain;
By wall and ledge and rock and mound,
Where'er neglect and ruin reign,
In greatest beauty there 'tis found,
To cheer and clothe the earth again.

Down in the soul there dwells a thought
That finds expression not in word,
That counts display and promise naught,
Unless a voice divine is heard
That speaks to cheer the desolate,
And yields a balm distilled from God,
Whose type should be the flower of State,—
The sun-lit, heaven-born goldenrod.

Buttercups and Daisies

Buttercups and daisies,
Bright children of the lawn,
To the fields are nodding
In the winds of June.
Such beauty of the meadows
Yields a charm so sweet, so strong,
The robin's spirit breaks aloud
In animated song.

Buttercups and daisies
Bloom adown the narrow lane,
Beside the brook in pasture,
And over the wide plain;
Tangles in the meadows
Where ten million flowers bloom
Draw bee and bird and butterfly,
With their beauty and perfume.

Buttercups and daisies,
Aglow in morning light
And pendant dew-drops sparkling,—
Bright diamond born of night,—

Send a matin greeting
To the rising god of day,
As he warms them gently
With his golden ray.

Buttercups and daisies
Are jewels to be worn,
By all the sons and daughters
To Nature truly born.
They speak a perfect language,
They lead to the divine,
They cheer the weak and weary,
They strengthen and refine.

Buttercups and daisies,—
Stars of a mundane sky,—
That shine in every verdant field,
And smile as we pass by;
You've strayed away from heaven,
To cheer our lonely earth,
Dispel its gloom and darkness,
To hope and joy give birth.

Buttercups and daisies,
With golden, waxen wings,
To which the breath of angels
So softly, sweetly clings,
They seem a part of heaven,
That unto earth has come,
To draw the mind of mortals
Toward an immortal home.

Buttercups and daisies
May softly o'er me bloom,
When I am sweetly sleeping
Within my quiet tomb;

And when by mortal beings
I may forgotten be,
Bright buttercups and daisies
Shall bear me company.

The Dandelion

Meadows are dotted far and wide,
With velvet stars that bring
A golden off'ring of delight,—
Flower-goslings of the spring.

Then gray-haired pappus downy, soft,
Follows with pistils loose,
And the gosling of the early spring,
Becomes a white-fledged goose.

Its feathers float on every breeze
That fans the verdant mead,
And children count the hours of day
By breaths that waft the seed.

Soft, silent Time, that comes apace,
To human flowers that bloom,
You quickly change youth to old age,
And lead life toward the tomb.

Thus human ties and human lives
Fall at the silent breath
Of Time's fell touch, obedient
Unto the call of Death.

Bright turf-born goslings of the field,
Teach me to smile, and give
A perfume from a fragrant soul
That on and on shall live.

Teach me to nestle close to earth,
And find sweet solace there
In golden deeds of countless worth,
And converse pure and fair.

Then shall I know the modest power
That lies in you concealed,—
The golden crown and richest dower
Your lessons have revealed.

The Fringed Gentian

I remember well, in my boyhood's romp,
The beautiful flower I found near the swamp,
With its spiral screw
Of cerulean hue,
While on the marge of its petals grew
A fringe such as art cannot weave.

I plucked it with zeal, for my heart was aglow,
Its color and form my mother to show,
And gladden her eyes
With the exquisite prize,
I had found when autumnal zephyr sighs,
'Mong the faded flowers and leaves.

Fair emblem of maiden adorned as a bride,
The tintings of heaven upon you abide,
You smilingly stand
In bridal robe grand,
For a lover who proffers an ardent hand,
And a heart that never deceives.

When others have left us, we cherish the one
Who remains firm and faithful until all is done;

Though cold be the storm,
The heart is e'er warm
For the tried and the true who weave such a charm
'Round the heart of him who receives.

I remember the hour when the beautiful flower
Seemed fraught with the fragrance of mystical power,
As I bore it with pride
To my mother's side,
To learn to what genus of plant 'twas allied,
Then left it for her to admire.

Its beauty to me was increased by a tear
That fell from the eye of my mother so dear;
An angel from heaven,
To her could have given
No treasure surpassing the gentian that even,
I had placed so joyously by her.

The Anemone

Modest, meek anemone.
Loved wind-flower of the spring,
You fill our hearts with gladness,
For with your smile you bring
The vitalizing sunshine,
The fruitful April shower,
The pipe of feathered songster,
And bud of sylvan bower.

Your eyes are the reflection
Of yon ethereal blue,
That veils the courts of heaven
And hides from us the view

Of gardens whence you wandered,
When to the earth you came,
Bringing a type of beauty
That heaven alone can claim.

Your stay is all too transient,
Your beauty fades too soon,
But while you're passing by us
You put our hearts in tune,
For other days that follow
Your evanescent smile,
Remembrance of your presence,
Will sorrow's stings beguile.

Trailing Arbutus

Under the brown leaves meekly abiding,
The queen of the spring-flowers nestles away,
In copse near the wood, there covertly hiding
It basks in the glow of Aurora's first ray.

Where moss and leaf are strewn in profusion,—
A bed whereon gods would gladly repose,—
Apart from the world, in rural seclusion,
The pride of the moorland,—arbutus grows.

In mossy fields, 'mong refuse and bushes,
With rose-tinted lips, like the dawn of the morn,
With only a leaf to conceal modest blushes,
Earth's first vernal offspring—arbutus is born.

Modest, retiring, and beautiful sprite,—
Emblem of graces a maiden should wear,—
Great is the pleasure, supreme the delight,
Of searching and finding a sweetness so rare.

Child of the woodland, in beauty abiding,
Your breath scents the breeze of early spring morns,
And fairies of magical charms are residing
In the nooks and valleys your presence adorns.

Oft in the springtime I wander away,
To dwell for an hour in your blest retreat,
Counting such pleasures far sweeter to me,
Than the bustle of city and throng of the street.

Here in your presence my soul can enjoy
That converse and freedom, by God to man given;
Here body and mind themselves may employ
In quaffing of pleasures akin unto heaven.

Let me hie to your presence and drink from your pool
The nectar of peace, contentment, and rest,
Assuaging thereby the thirst of my soul,
While pressing you fondly unto my breast.

A Pansy

I found on the lawn at the ancestral home,
An exotic plant graced with smile rich and rare,
And charmed with its sweetness, its meekness and
bloom,
On my bosom I would forever it wear.

Instinctive with life, there was joy in its smile,
Its eyes, full of meaning, seemed speaking to mine,
Its meekness and coyness my soul did beguile,
With a message it brought from a spirit divine.

Each line of its face was aglow with the fire
That burns on Hope's altar the incense of love,
And its cherubic cheek expressed a desire,
Its mission of kindness and comfort to prove.

Fair flower of the garden, bright elf of that lawn,
Much, much like humanity in you I trace,
Within you the glories of Hope sweetly dawn,
And angels have painted a soul on your face.

The Morning Glory

(On Presenting Morning Glory seed to a friend)

The sunshine seems much brighter,
And the heart is ever lighter,
When the rays of sweet Aurora,
Paint the radiant Morning Glory,
With a splendor such as heaven
To few favorites has given
 Among the beautiful, rare flowers;
So plant these seeds with care
In a place well chosen, where
The first rays of the morning
May kiss their bright adorning,
And teach your heart to see
The rare beauties there may be
 In the rosy, blushing, morning hours.

There's food for thought in every leaf
 That spring unfolds to pleasure's eye;
There's wisdom in the falling drop
 That had its birth in yonder sky;

The breeze that fans the fevered brow,
Or gives new vigor to frail man,
Is but the breath of the Divine,
Fulfilling His benignant plan.

Rye

When pollen-dust from fields of rye
Floats out on the dews of even,
And the stars of June bedeck the sky
Of a mild and cloudless heaven,
'Tis ecstasy to linger near
The odor-laden quivers,
Whose lance-like arrows then appear
To be those fragrance-givers.

When Luna bright is wreathed in smiles
And breathes upon the flowers,
A billowy greenness oft beguiles
The mind by magic powers;
For like the waves of ocean grand
When tempest winds are high,
With speed sweep by the waves on land
Across the fields of rye.

Fragrant are fields in lovely June,
Whose billowy, graceful green
Is a memory-gem that fades too soon,
Youth and manhood between;
Sweet were the hours of ecstasy,
Beneath fair stars and sky,
That came in boyhood days to me,
From the waving fields of rye.

The Flowers I Love

I sometimes think I love the rose
More than all other flowers,
Because its fragrance falls on me
In copious, dainty showers;
And blushing in its modesty,
I press it to my heart
As the idol of my dalliance
That never shall depart.

But when I see the lily fair,—
The meadow's fairy queen,—
Surrounded by her myriad friends,
All dressed in Nature's green,
My heart goes out in ecstasy,
And naught on earth to me
Seems fairer type of loveliness
Than this daughter of the lea.

When bright snow-flake-petaled daisy,
Whose heart of yellow gold
Is richer vein of pure delight
Than mining-kings may hold,
Sends out her invitation warm
To search in her domain
For berries tinged like bleeding heart,
How can I well decline?

And then, the graceful goldenrod
With flaunting, sun-lit plume,
Whose lateness lends a special joy
And richness to its bloom,

Invites me with its wind-blown nod
To be its devotee,
With honesty I must confess
It has a charm for me.

There's a heaven-born flower—the aster—
That drinks nocturnal dew
From September's chilly fountains,
And steals the sunset's hues;
It smiles from way-side tangles,
And coyly casts its eyes,
Yet holds me by its modesty
A voluntary prize.

I know not which I love the most,—
I know I love them all,
For God hath given each its grace
And each its special call;
Each has its mission to perform,
Its purpose and its end,
And sweet is the companionship
Of each bright flower friend.

Nature has printed the largest book
That eye has ever seen,
Filled it with pictures true and fair,
In white and gray and green.
She hands it free to all mankind,—
Noble, generous deed,—
But few, from its pages bright and rare,
Have ever learned to read.

What Flowers Say

On receiving an envelope containing lilies-of-the valley and forget-me-nots but no writing

In form it is a letter,
Unique in its every part,
Holding a concealed fetter
To enchain my willing heart.

No pen has marred its beauty,
No ink has traced a line,
It does its silent duty
As a messenger divine.

Upon its page is written
No English, French, or Greek,
But the universal language
That flowers alone can speak.

The colors are pure whiteness,
And tints of azure blue,
Excelling in their brightness
All shades art brings to view.

The Lily-of-the-valley
And the sweet Forget-me-not,
That grow where perfumes dally
In sweet, secluded spot,

When sent to tell some story
That words cannot express,
Are fraught with special glory
And sweetest tenderness.

Their perfumes speak of gladness,
Their colors, of delight,
They drive away dull sadness,
Turn darkness into light.

They link the heart of sender
To heart to which they're sent,
And unto both will render
The sweetness of content.

I love them for their clearness
Of whiteness and of blue,
But added to such dearness
Is the thought—they came from you.

No language ever spoken
By tongue to dearest friend,
Excels, in worth, this token
That you in flowers send.

While I press them to my bosom
Their fragrance fills the air,
And my fancy fair pursues them
To the hand in which they were.

They are language plainly spoken,
Like the language of the eyes,
They are Nature's choicest token
Of heart-beats that I prize.

Let me lay them on the altar
Of my heart, and keep them there
As a leaf from sacred psalter,—
As the incense of a prayer.

And when long years have rolled away,
And we are far apart,
The fragrance of their giving may
Be solace to my heart.

These flowers may their odors lose,
Their colors may depart,
But fragrance born of them shall ooze
Forever 'round my heart,

And beauty such can never fade
From memory's magic eye;
But like the soul, cannot be laid
Where lifeless dust shall lie.

Rufus

Poor but honest, bent by labor,
Solitary, kind of heart,
Seldom seen except by neighbor,
Dwelling from the world apart,
Holding converse more with Nature
Than with fashion's giddy throng,
Rufus lived, and loved each creature
Whether mute or sweet of song.

Leaf and flower of tree and meadow,
Thorn and rose companions were,
Whose aroma, beauty, shadow,
Made him their charmed worshiper,
Drinking from them draughts of pleasure,
Feeding on them soul and mind,
They to him were richest treasure
He on earth desired to find.

In the garden where in boyhood
Passed he hours happy, free,
Clothed in beauty there in joy stood
A revered old apple tree,
'Neath whose branches at life's sunset
He from toil reclined to rest
Lulled by music of a streamlet
And by memories sweet and blest.

Here he coned of long-departed,
Counted years since they had gone,
Felt the stings of age that darted
Through his frame, since he alone
Lived to see the graves of kindred,
One by one, slowly increase
In Death's Acre, while he lingered
Longing for a sweet release.

May-day sun and bloom of apple,
Songs of birds and azure skies,
Came with Death to soothe his grapple
When he claimed this earthly prize
And released his soul from union
With its tenement of clay
To enjoy a sweet communion
Freed from mortal agony.

Rufus heard Death's summons gladly,
Dissolution brought no fear,
Spoke nor looked he sternly, sadly,
But in accent soft and clear
Prayed that sprays of apple-blossoms
Be companions at his side;
Pressing them close to his bosom,
Smiling sweetly, Rufus died.

Soul and perfume to their Maker
Have ascended from the earth
Served their mission here together,
Meek and humble though their birth.
Each has filled the niche assigned it,
Menial though it may appear,
At the finish each resigned it
As a faithful minister.

Who shall say that greater glory
Is awaiting princes, kings,
Who have written in life's story
Annals of triumphant things,
Wrought by sordid, proud ambition
To extend a royal throne
Than is held in reservation
For this lowly, meek unknown?

Sad may be a talent wasted
Bringing scanty good and gain,
Sadder still is talent blasted
By the blood of victims slain
To increase ambition's glory,
Or secure augmented power
On ensanguined fields made gory
By the sword of conqueror.

He who sees in man a brother
And extends a brother's hand,
Loves each plant of field and heather
Born to beautify the land,
Tunes his ear to song of Nature
Till in such his soul delights,
Cherishes and loves each creature
God endowed with natal rights,

Lifts his soul above ambition
That his neighbor would defraud,
Builds through faith and works transition
To a life majestic, broad,
Cultivates his mind and spirit
Till a joy they shall attain
Such as angels pure inherit,
Has not lived his life in vain.

The Invitation

The strawberries now are aglow in the field,
The robin is singing there, too,
In the copse where she sings her nest is concealed
With its eggs of delicate blue.

She is calling to you,
She is calling to me,
To come there and view
The rapt harmony
And beauty that there are revealed.

The strawberries daintily, modestly blush
In their covert of grass so green,
And the woodlands resound to the lyric of thrush
Though seldom his brown coat is seen.

While he's calling to you,
And is calling to me,
To come out and view
Fair flower and tree,
And taste berries the gods most esteem.

The strawberries look on the sun bright and fair,
And blush at the smile he returns,
Till aroma-like incense floats on the air,
And a flame on their altar burns,

That brings health to you,
And brings health to me,
If in spirit true,
Like berries we be
Aflame in the sunlight they share.

The strawberries blush and the bobolink sings,
Where lilies and buttercups nod
To zephyrs that breath of the warm tropic brings,
To enliven the else sterile sod.
It is just so with you,
It is just so with me,
For Nature is true
To her devotee,
Impartial are gifts from her God.

The Birds I Love

I love to hear the song-birds sing
When they return in early spring
To gladden field and grove;
I love to tune my ears to notes
Wafted from happy, feathered throats
Of birds I dearly love.

The blue-bird's "Cheery, Cheery, Dear",
Is vernal note I love to hear
Presaging winter past;
His song allays the storms of March
That through our vitals seem to search
In piercing, hungry blast.

The robin's softest lullaby
Flows into magic minstrelsy
At the approach of morn,

And all the world is hushed to hear
His liquid notes so soft and clear
They seem of heaven born.

The oriole divinely sings,
And spreads his gaudy, velvet wings,
Where pear and apple bloom,
Then builds his slender, pendant nest,
Where birdlings may in safety rest
Amid sweetest perfume.

The thrush from top of lofty tree
Enjoys an hour of revelry
Presaging coming storm;
Then seeks a thicket dense and low,
A hedge or bush where brambles grow
To shield him from all harm.

The joyous, jolly bobolink
Into the grass will sometimes sink
Aflame with raptured song,
Then slowly rising on the wing
Like an ethereal, heaven-born thing,
His jargonings prolong.

I listen oft with great delight
To whistle clear of dear bob white
Coming from rock or tree,
Or to his sound of whirring wings
As from some covert near he springs
And hies away from me.

O dainty, modest, chippy dear,
Your songs so sweet, so soft, so clear,
Seem more than notes of bird.

All through the long, long summer day
From field and copse your roundelay
Like seraph-song is heard.

Mercurial wren,—fair sprite from heaven,
To you a clarion-voice is given
Through all the live long day,
You never tire of song and wing
Or cease your joyous jargoning
Till daylight fades away.

And when the night enfolds the hills,
I love the chant of whip-poor-wills
That comes from the dark woods,
Where Pan and Nox their revels hold,
Dancing upon the moss-grown wold,
Where come no solitudes.

The Orioles

The beau and the belle of the birdland in spring
Have built them a nest, on the pear tree to swing,
With finest of fibre and softest of thread
It is woven and fastened to twigs overhead,
Its texture of velvety barks intertwined
Is a model of beauty and safety combined,
Where eggs and the birdlings may swing to the breeze
Or bask in the sunshine with comfort and ease.

When blossoms with perfume fill the May air,
And the birdlings are nestling securely there
The oriole's song of rejoicing is heard
In musical rapture supreme, till the bird

In voicing and spirit seems minstrel from heaven
Aflame with the melodies unto it given,
To draw mortal man from earth to the sky
With its exquisite charm of bird-minstrelsy.

While singing and swinging the blossoms among
His joy overflows in a lullaby song
So pure and so sweet that enraptured we hear
The notes of his melody laden with cheer
As they float on the air of bright, balmy morn
Whose fragrance and music in heaven are born
And wafted to earth on oriole-wing
To be blent with the songs and blossoms of spring.

That bright meteor flame on radiant wings
That coyly retreats but exultingly sings
Is a messenger sent by the gods of the grove
The beauty and transport of birdland to prove,
And the thrills of enchantment born of its note
Are sweet benedictions that earthward float
To care-laden souls to lull them to rest
And draw them toward heaven when sorely distressed.

Fair bird of the springtime, sing sweetly to me
Your lullaby song from the blooming pear-tree,
And teach me your patience, your zeal and your skill,
That I to the world may my mission fulfill,
May soothe deepest anguish with songs of good cheer,
May lift up the fallen, may dry sorrow's tear,
May lend to the helpless ones comfort and aid
And welcome what e'er may come, calm, undismayed.

Song of the Vireo

"Vireo, he ah wah", thrills on the balmy air,
"Here we go, see you me?" the soft May breezes bear,
Till tangles copse and forest ring
With notes so sweet and clear
That fancy's realms where fairies sing
The song enchanted hear.

"Vireo, he ah wah", clear as a silver bell,
"Here we go. See you me?" the woodland echoes
swell,
Till lichened rock and laughing stream
The joyous notes prolong,
Waking the hills from spring-time dream
With echoes of that song.

"Vireo, he ah wah", down by the spring we hear,
"Here we go. See you me?" so distant, yet so clear,
That joyful ear and eager eye
Distrust the place of song
Knowing such charms of minstrelsy
To fairy realms belong.

"See you me, virago?" inquiringly he sings,
"Let me see. You I know", from yonder tree-top
rings,
Then like a spirit from above
Descends on silent wings
And holds an orgie in the grove
In dainty jargonings.

"Viero, he ah wahs" are now no longer heard,
The miracle of music is changed into a bird,

Whose tune has all its sweetness lost
Through contact with the earth
And gone is all it valued most.—
An unmolested mirth.

In thralldom, in danger, no song is ever sweet,
Happy environments make life, at best, complete,
No matter what all else may be,
Some note will be ajar
While life from danger is not free,
While fears its pleasures mar.

Chidley Wink—The Blue Jay

“Chidley wink, chidley wink, clink, clink, clink.

Chidley wink, chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!”

Comes from the tree-tops in jargon distinct

At the birth of an autumnal day

Till resounding forests far and near

Take up the strain and bear it away

While chattering throats repeat so clear,

“Chidley wink, chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!”

Chidley wink's coat is of royal blue

And covers his body gracefully.

The crown of his head is of the same hue

And polished to perfect brilliancy.

Insects fall by the sword of his beak,—

Largely this soldier feeds upon prey,—

His war-cry alarms the timid and weak,

“Chidley wink, chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!”

Chidley wink hides in some hollow tree

Chestnuts and acorns he needs for food

When storms of cold winter howl sullenly

And insects no more are found in the wood.

But when the sun of a wintry day
Gilds all the earth with its fairest ray
From the tree-top high these words he will say:
"Chidley wink, chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!"

When snow is gone and spring draws near,
He seeks a tree in the deep solitude
Where he builds a nest and has no fear
Of the wanton hand of the robber rude,
And there in the tree-top, far from boys
He rears his young and with them will stay
And teaching these notes his time he employs,
"Chidley wink, chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!"

The young chidley winks sing the same song,
Dress themselves just as their parents dressed,
Fly for pastime the same trees among,
Build in the tree-tops the same kind of nest.
If young chidley winks could be taught to think
Then other words than these they might say:
"Chidley wink, chidley wink, clink, clink, clink,
Chidley wink chidley wink, jay, jay, jay!"

If you would not be a young chidley wink,
Never improving, since days of the ark,
Then follow his ways and never more think,
And the world to you will be lonely and dark.
Follow him not, but spread mental wings
And bring to your mind Truth's cheering ra
And when to your soul Advancement sings,
Say "Goodbye, stupid chidley wink, jay!"

The Thrush

When on mountain road I travel,
Stained with dust from rock and gravel,
 In cool shade I sit me down,
Oft I see among the bushes
Feathered friends—shy brown thrushes
 Sweet, sweet singers of renown.

Smooth his coat though brown and dusty,
Mellow his voice yet ever trusty
 And clear and soft and sweet.
On the tree-top oft he's singing,
Through the woods his song is ringing
 While hills afar his notes repeat.

I have heard him in the morning
When the sun was first adorning
 Tops of tallest forest trees
Pour his soul of song so tender
That to God it seemed to render
 Thanksgiving harmonies.

Every feather seemed to quiver
As his song he did deliver
 In bursts so sweet and grand,
That all Nature there did gladden
As the air with music laden
 Seemed fraught from choral band.

Some notes that swelled his speckled breast
Were like soft zephyrs from the west
 That come from June-blown flowers,

So full, so sweet, they lull the soul
And like a spirit voice control
Fond reveries for hours.

Soul of song, enwrapped in feather,
Harbinger of Hope and weather,
Sing softly unto me;
Your tuneful notes at morn and even
Are antepasts of joys in heaven
That bring felicity.

Attune your joyous songs for me
And lift my soul that I may see
The world in beauty bright;
Sing on, sing on, until the wood
Shall laugh aloud in merry mood
And sadness take its flight.

Sweet warbling bird, in brown attire,
Your notes of joy do me inspire
With love for Nature wild.
Your songs of joy so sweetly sung
By heart and throat divinely strung,
Proclaim you Nature's child.

Robin Redbreast

Low and sweet and plaintive,
Now distant and now near,
Seems the voice of Robin Redbreast
That in the tree I hear.

Sometimes 'tis but a murmur
So gentle and so sweet
It sounds like dying zephyr
That echoes doth repeat.

And then in bursts of music
That make the forests ring
Comes the swelling, happy, ditty
His birdship loves to sing.

That voice is so enchanting,
So perfect and so clear,
All earth stands still to listen
And clouds bend low to hear.

Again he tunes his liquid notes
To winds in tree-tops sighing,
Or to sounds of laughing waters
That 'mong the rocks are hying.

The sprightly, sweet ventriloquist
Deceives you as to distance,
You sometimes think him far away
Beyond alarm's resistance,

And then again you think him near
The place of your abiding;
He's in the same place all the time
In covert coyly hiding,

And telling you in happy notes
His mate is near-by nesting,
While in the shade of leafy tree
He watches her while resting.

Had I so sweet a voice as his
I'd carol all day long,
Charm with my presence all mankind,
And cheer them with my song.

The woods and fields should echo far
My choicest minstrelsy,
And earth and sky would then unite
To join the revelry.

Robin is a Singer

Robin is a singer; supremely sweet and clear
Are the notes he warbles from his covert near;
Softly, oh, how softly, at the sunset's glow
Chants he evening vespers plaintive, sweet, and low.

Robin is an artist; he beautifies the stream,
The vale, the hill, the meadows, until they truly seem
To glow, because his presence gives to each a tongue
To echo back the music his minstrel throat has sung.

Robin's a ventriloquist; piping mystic strains,
Intermingling sonnets and madrigal refrains,
Till the air is vocal with his joyous song,
And the echoing valleys his melodies prolong.

Robin is a minstrel, a troubador, a bard;
He sings and chants such music as poets never heard.
His songs and orisons sublime intuitive are sung,
Yet all his trills and quavers to harmony belong.

Robin is a robber and raids the cherry tree,
But pays all back a thousandfold in canticles to me;
No matter what my bill may be, the balance's on
his side,
For cherries never him can pay for songs at eventide.

The Lone Bird

Whither away on such winged undulations,
Breasting the winds and the tempest's wild glee,
Lifting your form in graceful vibrations,
As onward you move like a billowy sea?

Alone, all alone, on wide wing extended,
Nerved for the tempest that sounds not afar;
Night her dark mantle o'er earth has suspended,
Through which cannot shine the light of one star.

Stop, lonely wanderer, and tell me why mateless,
Tell me the story, and tell it me true,
God, e'en a bird has not left so fateless
But somewhere there lives a companion for you.

Tell me if death has robbed you of treasures
That sweetened the tone of your vesper song;
Tell me if fears have destroyed all the pleasures,
That justice and right say to you should belong.

Tell me, yes, tell me, and tell me truly,
Is there just cause why your flight is alone?
Is there some stain whereby you are duly
Debarred from the pleasures that should be your
own?

Still but your wing and confide me the story,
Chant it to me in a short, plaintive song,
Perhaps it may speak of a sweet, transient glory
That faded and died 'mid disaster and wrong.

Perhaps I may speak some word that has healing
For solitude's wounds, though sweet they may be,
For sorrows augment by sacred concealing
Till they steal from the heart the wish to be free.

Dear, roaming bird! You have stopped at my
pleading,
My soul aids my ears to catch your sweet tune;
"If life is not sweetened by culture and breeding,
'Tis better by far to travel alone.

"I have learned as my wings have borne me through
groves
Where gods their ambrosial nectar sip,
That the heart's best experience ever proves
Joy comes not from presence, but companionship."

Songs I Love

To wander all day by a purling stream
That flows through a mossy dell,
And watch its silvery waters gleam,
And list to its music's swell,
As it dashes adown some wild cascade,
On its race to the wide, wide sea,
With sweeter strains than Orpheus played,
Is supreme delight for me.

To hear the song of a mother bird,
As she sings her lullaby
To the nestlings ere her note is heard,
Commanding them to fly,

Is music sweet as a note from heaven,
And brings a joy to me
That no minstrel band has ever given,
However skilled it be.

The hum of a bee by a sumac bush
That blooms in a forest wild,
The tinkling of waters that freely gush
From Nature undefiled,
The feeble note of a cricket's wing,
As his orison he plays,
Are sweeter songs than minstrels sing
When deep in fashion's maze.

Shatamuck—The Hudson River

Away, far away in a mountainous home
Is a cradle wherein lies a child of the sea,
Whose father, Old Sol, brought it out of the foam
And consigned it to wings of wind, wild and free.

This invisible chariot bore it on high
And wafted it on by caloric power,
Till fanned by a breeze in the upper sky,
It descended to earth in a copious shower.

Though shattered and torn by wind and by earth,
With filial affection 'twas richly endowed,
Till on Marcy's bleak side a lakelet had birth
And the child sweetly slept in the Tear-of-the-cloud.

On this Alpine height it was rocked by the wind
And canopied oft by an angry sky,
While gray rocks and green woods around it combined
To soften the tones of the storm's lullaby.

With a home so pent for an athletic child
Whose impulse is growth and a wish to be free,
The cradle was burst and in rumblings wild
It sought its fond mother,—the wide, wide sea.

Adown Alpine aisles augmented by age,
Beside balmy banks of briar and brake,
Calm in concealment or noisy in rage
Downward and onward it sped from the lake.

Ever enlarging and growing in strength,
Feeding from fountains unseen and unknown,
Gathering volume and power, till at length
Heard is its voice like a deep thunder-tone.

Ingenious men there a harness prepared,
Joining skill with attraction to serve at their will,
Knowing wherever such forces are shared
Lightened is labor at forge and at mill.

Meeting embrace from the maternal sea,
Navies of war and of rich commerce ride
Onward to ports where the world's argosy
Pours out her off'rings of treasure and pride.

Queen of all rivers, enthroned in a land
Rich with the fruitage of vineyard and field,
Stretch forth a strong and beneficent wand
The health and the wealth of the Nation to build.

Under the semblance of justice and right
Veiled be no selfish and servile foe,
Waiting the joys of the people to blight;
Xerxes-like,—God will such plans overthrow.

Young, we are sometimes cradled 'mid clouds,
Zealous, we burst our confines so small,
And casting aside our encumbering shrouds
On the billows of life we rise or we fall.

The way may seem rugged, meandering, wild,
The beetling cliffs may frown on each side,
The human stream may with wrong be defiled
And noxious foes spread their venom wide.

Yet a hidden stream from an unseen source,
Whose waters assuage all the venoms of strife,
Flows steadily on in its silent course
Bearing comfort and peace to a holy life.

As a drop from the clouds, cradled on high,
At last finds its home in the ocean wave,
So the frame-work of soul seeks not the sky
But returns to its natal home in the grave.

As a drop from the clouds lives on and on,
And returns to the ocean whence it came,
So the soul when its mission on earth is done
A home with its Maker God may claim.

Onteora

On the horizon, in the Catskill Mountains, N. Y., from a point between Catskill Station and the City of Hudson, on the easterly side of the Hudson River, looking westward may be seen the form of a human body resting upon its back, as in sleep.

This form has long been known as *Onteora*, a fabulous Indian chief who, having lost his happy hunting grounds and his kindred, has lain himself down in despair, to rest.

Onteora sleeps in silence,
Resting on his rocky bed,
Feet to southward far outstretching,
Northward points his granite head.

Till the lofty Catskills crumble,
There in silence he shall sleep,
While the clouds and rocks and eagles
O'er his slumbers vigils keep.

Limned upon the dark horizon,
West from central Hudson's tide,
That grand form of Onteora
There in outline shall abide.

He shall outsleep Rip Van Winkle;
Onteora ne'er shall rise,
But with face upturned to heaven
Slumber 'neath those rock-kissed skies.

Such a substitute for heaven
Is the best earth can afford,
For the mountains, skies, and rivers
Are the dwellings of the Lord.

Hymned upon the air of morning
Are the songs of cliffs and trees,
Tuned in cadence and in measure
To the zephyr, tempest, breeze.

Thunder-peals and bolts of heaven
Murky clouds and angry skies,
Cast no bodings o'er his spirit,
Bring to him no agonies.

Sleep, brave chief, your race has vanished,
Hidden is its dust from view,
It alone will be remembered
By this granite form of you.

Winter's frost and snow and tempest,
Summer's bloom your couch may strew,
Earth be shaken to its center,
But all these are naught to you.

In the great, the great hereafter,
You may find a hunting-ground
Where no foe—no rude intruder—
In its confines shall be found.

When the Catskills shall no longer
Be the bed whereon you rest,
God a better couch will offer
To the worthy, pure, oppressed.

Then if you have filled your mission,—
Humble though that mission be—
Kept the light of Truth still burning,
You your Manitou shall see.

Evening at Kingston, N. Y.

The low descending sun has touched
The mountain peaks far in the west,
A deep dark blue surrounds their base,
But golden sunlight gilds their crest,
While varied shades of Alpine green
Proportioned to their forms and height
Blend softly, as, from peak to peak,
They yield a spectral charm to sight.

The drifting clouds above the peaks
Cast floating shadows on the green,
And bursts of sunlight interspersed
Give mottled shades to vales between;
The mountain-shadow's lengthening forms
Obedient to declining sun,
Draw down the curtains of the night,
Proclaiming thus the day is done.

The heads of giant mountains fade
Into the darkness of the night,
Till outlined on horizon's screen
Are forms grotesque to fancy's sight;
And vision builds a fairy-land
And peoples it with beings fair,
When star-eyed Nox lends all her charms
And lights heaven's dome with radiance rare.

Fair Wittenburg, well carpeted
With mottled moss and fringed fern
Old Slide—jeweled conglomerate,—
And Panther wild, rock-ribbed and stern,
That stand as sentinels to guard
Old Kingston at departing day,
Your vesper shades bring joy and peace
Which silent night takes not away.

Happy are they who can commune
With all the boundless charms you bear,
Whose souls expand and soar and sing
Touched by the majesty you wear,
Who feel each bush and tree and rock
Is but a brother in disguise
Made by that wise, unerring Hand
Which all His children recognize.

Who sees no beauty in your forms
And drinks no pleasure from the skies
That gild your summits with a charm
Akin to that of Paradise,
As sunset draws night's curtain down
And vapors tint advancing even,
Would languish restlessly I ween
Within the inner courts of heaven.

The beauties of the dying day
That cast such glories far and wide
Seem like the halos 'round the heads
Of men who have been sanctified,
While all the blendings of those rays
That beautify the grand design
Of earth and heaven in harmony
Are but the smiles of The Divine.

Fair silent forms, so stern, so grand,
You have a tongue with which to speak,
A potent, yet benignant hand
That lifts itself from every peak,
Your tongue sings unto Nature's God,
Your hand points to His throne,
And he who loves your beauties rare
Your Maker, too, must own.

Cold Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Like Marathon she sits enthroned
Between the mountains and the sea,
With Hudson flowing at her feet
In all his liquid majesty,

And rock-ribbed giants towering high
To discount rise and set of sun,
She rivals in her scenery
The beauties of old Marathon.

The land of Scott and Marmion
Whose rugged hills bore stalwart men,
That kept old Scotia ever free
Through bloody fields fought oft again,
May find upon the Hudson's shore,
Amid the Highlands of the west,
A land of beauty like her own,
A people of brave hearts possessed.

Fair Switzerland, the home of Tell,
Whose Alpine summits pierce the sky,
While far below 'mong verdant vales
Unnumbered lakes like mirrors lie,
Your summer peaks are crowned with white
While ours, though clad in living green,
Are sweet remembrances of those
Fair peaks that in your land are seen
'Mid towering crags and deep ravines
The God of Freedom ever lives,
For song of bird or mountain breeze
A sacred inspiration gives
To urge frail man to ever be
What God for man at first designed,—
A creature pure, noble, and free,
Unselfish, dauntless, unconfined.

No breeze that fans the mountain's brow,
No wave that laves a sylvan shore,
No song of bird the woods among,
No flowers that forth their fragrance pour

Can fairer be, or sweeter smile,
Than those that cheer this Highland scene,
Where Nature sings on every peak
And laughs in valleys them between.

Here dwell the gods of sylvan scenes,
Here muses grand their songs have sung,
Here Nature flings her charms abroad
And laughs in joy these hills among.
Here echoes vibrate on the air,
Here fragrance floats on evening breeze,
Here Happiness takes up her harp
And yields her sweetest melodies.

Nearer Heaven

'Tis well to bow the rev'rent head
And bend the rev'rent knee,
'Tis well that God be worshiped
In song and symphony,
Where marble walls inclose a shrine
Reared by a human hand,
Where music breathing the divine
Floats from an organ grand,
Till all the atmosphere is charged
With melody supreme,
And all our being so enlarged
We fancy heaven doth gleam
Upon the borders of our sight,
And God Himself seems nigh
Emitting unto man a light
From His own majesty.

Sacred and sweet are orisons
Breathed in such holy place,
Lifting the souls of sainted ones
Who joy in its embrace
Into a realm akin to heaven,—
Into a raptured bliss;
For unto such the keys are given
That unlock Paradise,
And all the joys that lie beyond
In visions there they see,
So thin are veils that then surround
The sweet reality
That lies upon the border-land,
So near and yet so far,
That Pilot Hope points to the strand
Where promised treasures are.

Go now from this to yonder grove
Bedecked by God's own hand,
With boundless treasures of His love
And with His presence grand,
That you may learn a lesson there
By mortals seldom given,—
That He who did this world prepare,
Within it placed a heaven
For him who sees and feels and knows
The beauty and design
That bud and leaf and flower disclose
Through spirit of Divine;
Lift the thin veil that hides from view
His face, and there behold
A jeweled crown prepared for you
More precious than of gold.

List to the sound of vesper notes
 Hymned by the perfumed breeze,
As from those sylvan harps it floats
 In softest cadences,
To mingle with the chant of priest
 Surpliced in gaudy plumes,
Whose incense-fragrance is increased
 By Nature's myriad blooms;
Then ask your soul where God abides
 And most Himself reveals,
In pompous aisles where man presides
 And Nature most conceals,
Or in the temples God hath wrought
 With wondrous skill and care
And breathes His spirit pure, unbought,
 On all things centered there.

Behold the lilies of the field
 That neither toil nor spin,
Yet they a beauty greater yield
 Than templed courts, within
Which, man from Nature is apart,
 Inclosed in gorgeous walls
Bedecked with handiwork of art
 On which no sun-ray falls,
And where no Kedron ever flows,
 No pure Siloam pool
Wherein to wash away life's woes,
 Life's fevered brows to cool;
No Tabor, no Gethsemane,
 No fishermen in stalls,
No mountain sides of Galilee,
 But grand, artistic walls.

However grand those walls may be,
 However sweet the peal
Of music 'round the sacristy
 Where holy men shall kneel,
The spirit unto Moses given
 When on Mount Sinai,
And when he heard a voice from heaven
 On Horeb's Mount pass by,
Has lost much sweetness and much power
 Through pageantry and art,
Whose gilded pinions hover o'er
 The impulse of the heart,
To lure the soul and mind away
 From thoughts of holiness,
And lead them to behold display
 That heals no soul's distress.

Sing, sing God's gilded courts within;
 Blend voice with organ peal;
To wash away the stains of sin,
 In suppliance then kneel;
List holy word with earnest ear;
 With faithful, filial heart
God's precepts wise gladly revere,
 Nor let them e'er depart;
Such are but preludes to the song
 That Nature's voices croon.—
But echoes from the brilliant throng
 Of spheres the heavens attune;—
But transcripts rude from Nature's scroll
 Inscribed on sky and earth;—
But hintings to the craving soul
 From Him who gave it birth.

The Trysting Tree

On the bank of a stream that laughs in its flow,
And sings to the mosses and lilies that grow
 In the vale of its charmed retreat,
Stands a trysting tree whose wide spreading arms
To Mollie and me bring love's sweetest charms;
 For there at the gloaming we meet
To list to the song of the brooklet so free
And tell of the joys of love's ecstasy,
 And love vows there fondly repeat.

Chorus—That spot is a heaven to Mollie and me,
For the song of the brooklet is sweet melody,
And the wide spreading arms of the trysting tree
Are angels of joy to Mollie and me.

Where e'er we may wander, where e'er we may be,
Our thoughts will return to that trysting tree
 When the gloaming o'ershadows the vale;
When fragrance of lilies distilled by the sun
Steals softly abroad as the evening comes on,
 And roses their perfume exhale,
We think of the hour when we plighted our love,
And sealed with the touch of our lips then to prove
 Our troth-vows and love ne'er shall fail.

Sweet, sweet is the hour when the gloaming comes on,
And stars in their glory expand one by one
 Till heaven is aflame with their glow;
And sweet is the perfume of lily and rose,
The song of the brooklet that joyously flows
 And dances to rhythmical flow;

But sweeter by far is the glow of our hearts,
As presence and trust plume the tenderest darts
That Cupid at mortals can throw.

Shadows

The sun in the west is descending
Behind the steeple and tower
While the darkness and light are blending
Into twilight's enchanting hour;
The lengthening shadows are losing
Their definite forms, one by one,
As the day that is gently dying
Bids adieu to the golden sun.

At my window I sit calmly musing
And welcoming shadows that fall
Athwar heart and mind, thus diffusing
Some pictures I love to recall,
Some scenes of varied blending
Of sorrow, of joy, and of woe,
Whether joyous or sad their ending,
My soul will not let them go.

Sometimes they are sweet, so entrancing,
My spirit in ecstasy sings
Of the realms where angels advancing
Waft me gently away on their wings
Till the portals of heaven seem near me
And voices familiar I hear,
Till shadows of loved ones cheer me
And in fancy their forms appear.

Such shadows are solace for sorrow
 However keen it may be,
Are promises of a to-morrow
 When spirit from bondage is free,
And thus when the shadows are falling
 And twilight is fading away,
A spirit familiar is calling
 And my soul dares not disobey.

When the sun in the west has descended,
 And the streets of the city are bright,
When the toils of the day are ended
 And on come the glorious night,
Alone in the twilight I ponder
 Of scenes and days long ago,
Linking the past with the present
 Till my soul with the scenes is aglow.

When the twilight and darkness have blended
 And stars in full glory appear,
And lamp-like they seem suspended
 To illumine heaven's realms so fair,
How welcome the shadows that falling
 Have melted the twilight away,
Till through darkness a voice is calling
 That tell of eternal day.

Fishing

The following poem—Fishing—was dedicated by the writer to Hon. Grover Cleveland, the Presidential Isaac Walton of the White House, Washington, D. C.

In acknowledging its receipt, he said in part, "I have read with much interest the poem entitled Fishing which you kindly dedicated to me.

"It is evident to me that you have the true fishing spirit, and I thank you for demonstrating it in such a pleasant way."

His letter is photoengraved on the opposite page.

The wind blows from the south to-day,
Thin mare-tail clouds float by,
The dome of heaven is now a gray
Mackerel-dotted sky.

Such sounds as fail to reach the ear
When skies are bright and fair
Increase to volumes strong and clear
Through vapors in the air.

The sun and moon together ride
In chariot of day,
While stars, at night, alone abide
To light the heaven's highway.

Bring out the angling-rods and lines,
The bait with care prepare,
Infallible are Nature's signs
That fishing-time is here.

A happy thrill and sweet desire
Pervade each nerve and bone;
A spark of true Waltonian fire
Into a flame has grown.

O, painted skies and fragrant air,
Fair fields and flowers fine,
Your charms, though great, cannot compare
With those of rod and line.

Princeton June 26. 1906

Jared Berke Ph D.
San Sei

I have read with much
interest the poem entitled "Fishing" which
you kindly dedicated to me and a copy
of which you courteously sent me.

It is evident to me that
you have the true fishing spirit, and
I thank you for demonstrating it
in such a pleasant way.

Yours gratefully
Homer Cleveland

'Tis joy to scale high mountain peaks
And view the works of God,
But greater joy has he who seeks
For *scale* with line and rod.

A magic touch—how sweet the thrill—
From something out of sight,
Demands great patience, greater skill
To harvest sure the bite.

“Who spares the rod will spoil the child”
Wise Solomon once said;
His *line* has many a youth beguiled—
Him gladly they obeyed.

The statesman, poet, merchant, boy,
And politician fine,
May each, with profit, time employ
In casting forth his *line*.

Indeed, all men who have a soul—
A spark of The Divine—
May gather patience, self-control
While wielding rod and line.

For patience, perseverance, pluck
Young men should daily seek;
They are not charms, they are not luck,
But better far than Greek.

In life, a good supply of these,
In trade, profession, art,
Is more than code Demosthenes
Known perfectly by heart.

The men who've made the highest mark,
On history's page to shine,
Are those who owned a fishing-ark,
Or cast a fishing-line;

Or those who rambled by a brook
That babbled blithely by,
And cast a captivating hook
Concealed within a fly.

Let sages sing their songs sedate,
Bards write in measures fine,
But of all things inanimate
The best is rod and line.

We fancy heaven must have a lake,
Fair brooks and boundless brine
Where fisher-saints of joys partake
In wielding rod and line.

The men who fished in Galilee—
The chosen of our Lord—
Who preached faith, hope, and charity,
Were promised their reward.

Since they were expert fishermen,
And earth probation ground,
Lake, stream, and seas should greet us, when
Hereafter they are found,

For fishermen know no rewards
That mundane mind can ken,
Like that a "fishing-day" affords
'Mong fish and fishermen.

Ah, next to heaven—one step below—
Is stream where trout abound;
Where limpid, living waters flow,
And mossy banks are found;

Where zephyrs play on harps of pine,
And stately forests nod
To him who hears such voice divine
While using line and rod.

Sweet thus to discount joys of heaven
And taste its pleasures here,
When unto mortal man is given
The waters pure and clear

That flow in music soft and sweet,
Adown some sharp decline
Where pool and curve form a retreat
Inviting cast of line.

'Tis here the soul expands and sings,
Tuned to the joys benign
That spring from Nature's offerings
To him with rod and line.

Bring out the rod, the line, the creel,
'Tis fishing-time to-day,
My piscatorial nerves now feel
A call they must obey.

Poundridge, N. Y.

Perhaps no spot upon this sphere
Has charms for me more sacred, dear,
 Than those of old Poundridge;
I love her hills, her lakes, her streams,
Her rural haunts where Nature teems
 With joys naught can abridge.

Her dew-bespangled meadows shine
With gems of radiance so divine
 When touched by matin sun,
That myriad pendant drops of dew
Lend to the mead a brilliant hue
 Like earth with diamonds strewn.

The woods that sleep on distant hills
Or watch o'er gently murmuring rills
 Seem restful to the soul;
Their silence brings sweetest repose,
A panacea for the woes
 That spurn M. D.'s control.

The healthful, healing, peaceful rest,
To frame fatigued, to mind distressed,
 Seems but a foretaste here
Of that serene and blest abode
That to the faithful child of God
 Hereafter shall appear.

I love the rustic's rough demesne
That yields to toil a wealth unseen
 To those of civic life,
For here I drank in youth's bright morn
The draughts of vigor that were drawn
 From labor's busy strife.



M. E. CHURCH, POUNDRIDGE



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, POUNDRIDGE



TWO VIEWS OF MAIN STREET, POUNDRIDGE

I love the home wherein I played,
The yard o'erspread by maple shade,
 The near-by babbling brook,
The fields o'er which my youthful feet
Sped onward toward the trout's retreat
 With dangling line and hook.

I love the path across the wood
So gladly trod in search of food
 For hungering, thirsting mind,
The room where pupils used to meet
And strive to make their work complete
 And manners more refined.

All these I love for what is past,
And still must love while life shall last;
 But I do love still more
The souls that fired my mental lamp
And on my character did stamp
 Truths fraught with richest lore.

I see the reverend form of one
Whose voice was joy in every tone
 While drawing out my mind,
And teaching me science and art,
And noblest virtues of the heart
 That man should have combined.

I see my aged mother there,
My father in his old arm-chair,
 And fancy hears their voice,
My brother yet so full of joy
Has passed the limits of a boy
 But still can much rejoice.

Upon the hill the lakes between
Are sacred mounds of living green
Where sleep my precious dead;
A vacant spot reserved for me,
To which my heart looks longingly,
Invites my weary head.

No greater boon could I e'er ask,
When I have finished earthly task
Than quietly to rest
Surrounded by her vales and hills,
Her laughing lakes and singing rills
And friends that I love best.

Fair Interlachen*'s smile, to me
Is fraught with naught but brilliancy
From scenes around, above;
Here would I joyously find rest,
Its blooming mould above my breast,
And I with those I love.

Though many years now intervene
My mind recalls each boyhood scene
Of field and wood and bridge;
These cherished memories only prove
Abiding faith and filial love
Toward restful old Poundridge.

*Interlachen is the family cemetery on the ridge between Trinity Lake and Kitchewan Lake, from which both lakes may be seen.





TWO VIEWS OF TRINITY LAKE

Fidelity

When this infant world in its swaddling band
Of mist and cloud and storm,
Assumed its forms of sea and land,
And the lakes and streams were born;
In this western world, on its eastern shore,
Four leagues from a land-locked sea,
Came a liquid crown set with jewels four,
But in union only three;
For the northern gem is a solitaire
And barred from the lesser three
By a marble wall wrought strong and fair
By the hand of Divinity.

A silver thread from the Trinity
Runs southward through the wood
Till it casts itself in the land-locked sea
And is merged in old Neptune's flood;
But the northern gem, in a winding race
Sends its waters toward the west,
And links itself in the kind embrace
Of the Hudson grandly dressed.
Unnumbered moons had waxed and waned,
And flung on this mirror sheet
A train of beauty with no discord stained
Since creation was complete.
Here antlered deer had slaked his thirst,
And fought his mirrored form;
Here rolling tones of thunder burst
As a harbinger of storm;
Here song of bird and sign of breeze
Had charmed no human ear;
Here beast on land and bird on trees
Had dwelt devoid of fear.

Brave Kitchewonks then traced their way
 Along the stream that westward ran
While Rippowams pursued their prey
 Until this lake-land was their van.
The Kitchewonks near northern lake,
 Upon the Rippowams looked down,
And hoped their pride and power to break
 Ere harvest moon had fully grown.
Almeta on the western stream
 Now mourned her absent Ponomo,
For harvest moon had sent its gleam
 Across the Hudson's tidal flow,
And at its full he was to come
 And her to lake-land safely guide,
Where they would make their future home,
 And she would there become his bride;
But now, he with Rippowam's band
 Had marched to meet her kinsmen dear,
And face to face now sternly stand
 Prepared for battle-shock severe.

Her heart bid her to dare the shock
 And seek him near the hostile camp;
Her mind her heart would sometimes mock,
 And boding fears her ardor damp.
The bondage of her heart so great
 Her coward mind could never free;
She scorns all danger, dares all fate,
 And this her soul's soliloquy:

“My Manitou calls unto me
 And whispers gently in my ear:
‘Fidelity! Fidelity!
 Dispel your doubt, banish your fear,

And know that faith and trust will be
Reward for all that fate can bring
Of weal or woe; and constancy
Shall be your shield from suffering.'

"The voice of Nature in me born
Calls unto me at morn and night;
Its pleadings strong I dare not scorn
When Manitou proclaims them right;
For what is right I dare to do;
Though death from such obedience spring
I dare obey my Manitou,
When he commands such offering.

"No pangs from wounds from foes without
Can equal pangs from foe within;
I can endure the victor's shout,
If I, myself be free from sin;
But who can honor cast aside,
Through fear of pain the flesh may bear,
And claim a spirit still allied
To that Fidelity must wear?

"No wound my spirit can destroy
Save wound myself to it can give;
Nor shall my spirit know alloy
While it with me in flesh shall live;
Fidelity yields healing balm
My carnate sorrows to allay,
Bids my true heart and mind be calm;
Drives all my doubts and fears away,
Leaving the transient flesh to bear
The pangs to which flesh is allied,
Yet proffering the spirit's care
To flesh wherein it must abide.

"I know that tribal laws demand
My life if I should thither flee;
I must obey my soul's command—
My Manitou's—Fidelity!
No other lips my lips have pressed,
No other arms encircled me,
Since Ponomo my form caressed
And we pledged vows of constancy.

"For me, at each returning moon,
He journeyed through the forest wild,
Braved dangers that my heart has won
And now I must not be defiled
By any doubt or any fear
That death or suffering can bring,
Or count such suffering too dear,
If I must be its offering.

What though my blood may stain the soil,
Devotion mark me for a slave
Through weary years to strive and toil,
Or fate shall sink me 'neath the wave!

"'T were better far that such shall be
Than I shall violate my heart
And all that's sacred unto me
By acting a false maiden's part.
I must away, I must away
To meet him by the silvery lake!
'Tis crime for me to longer stay,
I will not, cannot now forsake.

"Dear Manitou, loved Manitou,
Counselor of my suffering soul,
My faith, my fate, I bring to you
And yield my all to your control;

I, I alone too feeble be
To meet the dangers that surround
The journey you have bidden me
Pursue till Ponomo be found.

"Sweet Manitou, kind Manitou,
Your mind be mine, your courage too,
While I this journey wild pursue
Obedient to command from you
That cannot now be cast aside;
Nor can my sincere soul sustain
The shocks and dangers that must come
Were I without you to remain,
And bid my struggling heart be dumb
To all its honor would maintain,
And all to which it is allied."

She speeds along the forest trail
Where warriors late in painted form
Had marched through Kitchewan's fair vale
To meet their foes in battle-storm.
Her eyes are watchful to survey;
Her ears detect the lightest sound;
Her heart and mind to her betray
When barriers to her flight are found.
She shuns them all by tact and skill.
Most gladly she to him will prove
The power that's in a woman's will,
And faith that's in a woman's love.

From hill and ledge she scans the ground
When dangers seem her way to mock.
But highest point by her is found
Upon a trembling, swaying rock

That seems unsteady 'neath her feet
And makes it difficult to stand
To make inspection, so complete
She may discern Ponomo's band.

Both trembling rock and trusting heart
Are firmly fixed, no power can move;
But from its crest she must depart
In search of him who claims her love.
She stands beside the central lake
Along whose shores the war-whoops rang
And softly for her own heart's sake
This song of harvest-moon she sang:

The hunter's moon now floods the night
Turns darkness into day,
The woods and lake in mellow light
Charm cares and griefs away.

The sparkling water's silvery gleam
My sorrows soothe for me,
And lift my soul as in a dream
Whose joys are pure and free.

So bright the light that floods the night
The song-birds sweetly sing;
From tree to tree they take their flight
On happy, noiseless wing.

Come, now, Ponomo, come to me,
I wait your coming here,
You promised 'neath this hemlock tree
This midnight to appear.

My heart, my life, my all are yours
And you are all to me,
Faith trusts your promise and assures
Perfect fidelity.

I know your heart is warm and true,
Your love not cold and dumb,
No adverse power can it subdue,
I know that you will come.

She hears a footstep drawing near;
Her tongue is mute, her song is done;
She waits Ponomo to appear,
In shadowed silence all alone.
Beneath lugubrious hemlock shade
Her heart beats with expectancy
And Kitchewonk's true, dusky maid
Trusts Rippowam's fidelity.

He comes. She sees him near the lake,
She knows his form, his step, his voice;
No other charm than this could make
Her heart and soul so much rejoice.
They meet beside the water's edge
Where hemlock boughs in reverence nod,
And there with mutual vow and pledge,
In presence of their living God,
They join the hand, the heart, the life,
While harvest-moon a witness stood
That he the husband, she the wife
Will share in life's vicissitude.
That sacred pledge was heard on high
And registered by angel hand,
Nor priest, nor king, nor majesty
Could marriage rite perform more grand

The trees that stood on every side,
The rocks that girt the marge of lake,
The stars that in yon heaven abide
Yet of our mundane joys partake,
Were guests that silently beheld
The union of two hearts allied
By the instinctive powers that weld
Into a bondage sanctified;
Then sang together nuptial song
So full of peace and harmony,
That winds the notes wafted along
And thrilled the lake with jubilee,
Till every rock and hill and vale
Re-echoed the ecstatic song
That on and on shall e'er prevail
Where hearts allied to each belong.

No tribal laws or priestly hand
Can rivet adverse hearts in one;
Compulsion has no iron band
So strong it may not be undone,
But ties of mutual interest
That spring spontaneous from the soul,
Are never by themselves oppressed,
Their silken cords have full control.

Foul fetters forged for Freedom's feet
Give greater power to Freedom's hands,
For Freedom's songs are far more sweet
Than peans sung at force's commands.
To know, to feel, to fully share
The joys and sorrows of this life,
Unites the hearts of mated pair,
And makes the husband and the wife.

No clang of chain on limb of slave,
 No sob in dungeon of despair,
No wail of sorrow at the grave
 Of loved ones laid forever there,
Can rend the heart and wreck the brain
 Like sigh of consort yet unknown,
Whose life forever must remain
 Linked to a being *not* its own.

The withered bloom and blasted fruit
 Of unions void of sense and soul,
Are legacies of ill repute
 Whose vaporings are oft so foul,
The social atmosphere is fraught
 With venom deadly from its breath,
And virtue shudders at the thought
 Of them whose *lives are living death*.

The choral stars in yonder sky,
 The waves that sang along the shore,
The breeze that laughingly passed by
 Diffusing incense that it bore,
Had each a message for the ear
 And heart, but needed no reply
From minds and souls true and sincere
 And tethered by fidelity.

Ponomo and Almeta there
 Where jut the rocks 'neath hemlock boughs
Had breathed a mutual, fervent prayer
 And each to each pledged sacred vows,
When o'er the lake a war-whop rang,
 And Kitchewonks on every side

Swept down with shout and yell and clang
 Upon Ponomo and his bride.
On north and south, and on the west
 No way of flight then could they take,
So from the steep rock's rugged side
 They plunged into the central lake.

A hundred arrows cleft the air,
 But one alone then reached its mark.
Ponomo felt it roughly tear
 Its way into his faithful heart.
He shrieked and sank beneath the wave;
 Almeta followed after him;
Their bridal couch was watery grave,
 The war-whoop was their requiem.

The savage yell of victory
 Re-echoed then from shore to shore,
While every rock and every tree
 Seemed deeply tinged with human gore,
For when the moon from heavenly throne
 Looked down and saw the gastly deed,
It veiled itself, and feebly shone,
 As if in agony to plead
That human souls might ever know
 That God himself cannot approve
The hand that strikes avenging blow,
 And soul devoid fraternal love.

Neath crystal waters of the lake
 In silent undisturbed repose,
Where sounds of strife no slumbers break,
 Heedless alike of friends or foes,

They slept the long, long sleep of death,
Through centuries of rolling years,
While o'er their forms the zephyr's breath
In playful eddyings oft appears.

Their race has faded from the shore
And left few traces that they were,
Their war-whoops now are heard no more,—
Forever stilled by conqueror.
Full many a fathom 'neath the wave
Their forms have slumbered side by side,
And verdant hemlocks fringe the grave
Of slain Ponomo and his bride.

The waters then were deeper made
Giving their spirits much unrest;
The lake their agony betrayed
And seemed on every side distressed.
One spring, when Nature gaily dressed
With charms that could the mind beguile,
There 'rose upon the lake's fair breast
A hibernating, floating isle,
Devoid of life it seemed at first,
Chaotic, dull, with beauty none,
Till rays of sunshine on it burst
And changed it to a paragon.

Two alders sprang from near its edge
And twined themselves in close embrace,
While ferns and grass gave certain pledge
That time would give it smiling face.
But when the frosts of autumn fell
It sank from sight, perchance to rest;
No searching mind could ever tell
The secret of its rising crest.

For years at each returning spring
 This isle would rise above the wave
As if to memory to bring
 Ponomo and Almeta's grave.
But when the harvest moon shone bright
 It meekly sank, as years before
When on that dread and fatal night
 The faithful sank by rock-bound shore.

Its verdure grew, its alders spread
 Its fame extended many a mile;
'Twas type of resurrected dead,
 This hibernating, floating isle.
But vandal hands destroyed the prize
 And sank it 'neath a weight of stones,
While Almeta sends forth her sighs,
 And Ponomo emits his groans.
Here let them rest, if rest they may
 Amid the beauteous scenes around,
And wait in peace the final day
 When at the angel's trumpet-sound
The water shall give up its prey
 And earth shall full surrender make
For earth has not a type to-day
 Of peace more perfect than this lake.

Peace, Peace, divine, benignant Peace
 O'er Trinity expands her wings,
Bids strife and discord 'round her cease
 While raptured Nature joyous sings
The song once sung at Bethlehem
 By angel choirs, at sacred birth
Of Him who brought from heaven the gem
 Of Peace to gladden all the earth.

Peace, downy Peace, forever stay
 Within this dear, enchanting vale,
Fan with your wings all strife away,
 And quell all tempests that assail
The quietude that Nature yields
 To votaries who oft repair
To scenes whose lakes and woods and fields
 Bid all your children welcome there.

Peace, joyous Peace, your smile benign
 Is solace for a sorrowing soul;
Your fruits so healthful, pure, divine
 Are treasures taken from the scroll
Of life, to teach men how to live
 And taste the joys that should control
The bonds of brotherhood that give
 Best solace to the mind and soul.

Peace, holy Peace, your wand extend
 Across the wide expanse of earth;
Change fighting foe to faithful friend
 And wail of woe exchange for mirth;
Let brother's hand a brother's grasp,
 And each draw toward a brotherhood,
Till all mankind the boon shall clasp,
 And each by each be understood.

Peace, blessed Peace, still hover near
 The weary hand and aching heart
That bathe their pangs with silent tear
 To wash away injustice's smart;
Tear from all greedy souls desire
 To batten on a brother's fall;

Then, then shall dawn the blessed day
That all the world has longed to see,
And joy shall put to flight dismay,
And Justice sing Truth's Jubilee.

Peace, restful Peace, at life's decline
Is fruitage fair from former seeds
That had been sown with a design
To soothe some stricken soul that needs
A fostering care and counsel wise,
To pilot it among life's shoals,
Where dangers lurk in dark disguise,
And undercurrent dangerous rolls
To bear him from safe anchorage;
Then, then shall come a whisper-voice,
"You did it not to him but Me;
Your passport pangs I will assuage;
My Peace shall crown your victory,
And you God's chosen child shall be."

Fidelity

A HISTORICAL LEGEND OF TRINITY LAKE, N. Y.

Explanatory Note

About the year 1852, the author, then a small boy, became intimately acquainted with one Samuel Brown, a native of Poundridge, N. Y., aged about ninety years, and thoroughly conversant with its people and its history from its early settlement by the whites.

The story related in "Fidelity", so far as it relates to the Indians, was told to the writer by this pioneer in the settlement of the picturesque, healthful, and Nature-favored section of southeastern New York.

The incidents subsequent to 1852, are from the personal knowledge of the writer, who lived in the town from boyhood to maturity, and has visited there frequently up to the present time, 1912.

The Rippowams were a tribe of Indians that lived along the northern shore of Long Island Sound, near Stamford and Norwalk, Conn., and the territory extending some twenty miles to the northward.

The Kitchewonks were a tribe of Indians that lived along the easterly shore of the Hudson River near Ossining and Peekskill, N. Y., and laid claim to the territory eastward also claimed by the Rippowams, and to the valley of the Croton River lying between the Hudson River and the lake-land, thus overlapping claims.

In the early days of the occupancy of these lands by the Indians, the Rippowams followed to the northward, a stream whose head-waters came from

three lakes known at that time, as Round Pond, Middle Pond, and Lower Pond, all discharging their waters into the Long Island Sound near Stamford.

The Kitchewonks followed eastward along that branch of the Croton River whose source was Cross Pond (now Kitchewan Lake) and whose waters were discharged into the Hudson.

These lakes, though not more than one half mile apart, are separated by a ridge of lime and marble rock that forms a watershed between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. For the possession of these lakes, streams and hunting-grounds there were frequent battles among the Indians, as the region was valuable for its fish and game.

The intercourse between these tribes, both belonging to the Mohegans, was limited for many years by frequent wars, but in the lapse of time became more frequent and friendly.

Many years after these Indians had gone to their happy hunting-grounds at the call of Death, or had been driven to other scenes of earthly pursuits, the city of Stamford sought a water supply for the use of its citizens, and the Stamford Water Co. constructed a dam at the southerly end of Lower Pond, thereby joining the three lakes into one, and very appropriately thereafter called it Trinity Lake.

These lakes are supplied almost entirely from subterranean springs, as no streams of noticeable size empty into them and their waters are clear, clean and sanitary to a high degree. For many years thereafter, in the late spring of the year, a floating

island appeared in the southern part of Trinity, upon which grew grass, moss, and alders.

About the last of September each year, the island sank and remained in a state of hibernation until its time for resurrection in the spring, when it re-appeared upon the surface of the water, and was soon clothed with its accustomed verdure.

Some persons having little love for the romantic, curious, and beautiful in Nature, loaded it so heavily with stones that it sank never to rise again.

In its departure, the lake sustained the loss of an attraction known to no other lake in this region and to but few lakes in the world. A large rock estimated to weigh eight or ten tons is so delicately poised upon another rock that stands upon a high point some forty rods westerly from the southern end of Trinity, that a gentle pressure of the hand would cause it to sway perceptibly, but recently that has been scotched by thoughtless or irreverent hands.

From the easterly shore, where the picnic grounds are, one may see on the opposite shore some precipitous rocks bordering the water's edge, below which the water is very deep.

From these rocks Ponomo and Almeta probably plunged to the waters below.

The lake is fringed with beautiful hemlock, cedar, and deciduous trees of many kinds, making thus a terraqueous scene most enchanting, and rarely to be found save in regions more alpine, and in zones remote from our metroplitan centres.

Detatched Thoughts

No. 1

He whose heaven is in some orb
That gleams in yon celestial dome;
Whose mind and soul fail to absorb
The beauties that surround his home,
May find, at last, that heaven above
Is but the fruitage of earth's bloom;
And finding naught on earth to love,
May find his heaven a place of gloom

* * * * *

No. 2

It matters not what be his creed,
It matters not his pedigree,
If in his soul there be a seed
That warmed by his humanity
Shall bloom with love and fruitage bear,
To bless the suffering ones of earth;
For he a diadem should wear
And heaven alone should claim his birth.

* * * * *

No. 3

He who truly loves all Nature—
Loves her for herself alone—
Though he dwell in hut or palace,
Though he sit on stool or throne,
Has a flame within him burning,
Kindled by Almighty God,
That will link him to all creatures
In a happy brotherhood.

Though the links may not be equal,
 Yet the chain unbroken is;
Though the niche each fills in station
 May be wrought by mysteries,
Every living plant and creature,
 Bird and beast that earth has trod,
Is a part of its Creator,
 Is an atom of its God.

* * * * *

No. 4

Let me choose for friend and brother
 Him who joys in Nature's song;
Him whose notes are all in concert
 With her happy, healthful throng;
Him who from the trills of Nature
 Would select some sweet refrain
That around his heart will linger,
 And his soul would fain retain;
Him whose life is linked to Nature,
 Sings her dearest, sweetest strain
Keyed to her ecstatic measure
 And to her harmonious train;
Holds close concourse with her creatures,
 High and low—of all degrees—
Till his soul expands through knowledge
 Wrought from former mysteries,
And he sees himself as brother
 To the animated throngs
That with him chant to the Father,
 Natal, true, thanksgiving songs.

Lifting the Boy.

By PROF. JARED BARHITE.

For years it has been my pleasure
To share in the sports of the boys,
Indulge a strong impulse to aid them
And join in their tumult and noise;
Thus serving a double purpose
Of keeping myself ever young
And lifting the lives of the children
Who ever around me throng.

Who feels not a joy in the presence
Of boyhood bubbling o'er
With tricks and frolics and antics—
Of which boys never lack store—
Can lift not a boy in his vision
Of that which is noble and true,
Nor lead him to high aspirations
For a life of exalted view.

Lives that have gone down in darkness
And shadowed many a home,
Perhaps would have been bright beacons
In the years that were to come,
Had some sympathizing leader
Shared their innocence and glee,
While their characters were forming
For time and eternity.

Some wrecks that have strewn the household
Are a thousand times more sad
Than old ocean's wildest wreckage
By a wave-lashed, rocky head,
Whereon some bark impinges
Amid the white sea-foam.
And the drowning sailor catches
Death-gleams of his boyhood home.

To lift a boy toward honor
One must bend to boyish ways,
Feel joy at his childish prattle,
Take pride in the games he plays;
Not to stoop and remain recumbent
In a boyish atmosphere,
But to raise him by the presence
Of a soul true and sincere.

There are stars in crowns of glory
Of those who have moulded boys,
By being like them in spirit
And entering into their joys,
And lifting them by a power
Acquired through sympathy,
Till strong they were and stalwart
In manhood and honesty.

No crown of earthly monarch grand
Enthroned through force of arms
Sparkles with such a lustre pure
Or yields such potent charms
As the radiant face of childhood
When expressive of its joy,
In the presence of a tutor
Who sometimes can be a boy.

There's power in such sympathy
No language can express,
It draws the soul unconsciously
By cords of tenderness,
It mellows up the sterile soul,
Plants intellectual seeds,
That fructify in later years
In noble, God-like deeds.

If to me in the great hereafter
A crown shall e'er be given,
'Twill be for my faith in the Master
And because I have ever striven

To lead toward God and honor.
Toward purest, sweetest joys,
The jewels to me intrusted—
Ten thousand girls and boys.

Sufficient will be my glory
If such a crown I may wear,
And sweet will be the welcome
If they shall meet me there,
And know that on earth I aided
To make their lives more grand,
By leading them on life's pilgrimage,
With a sympathizing hand.

Teachers

We stand as guardians of our State
More potent than her forts;
We make and execute her laws,
We formulate her courts;
With greater power than squadron white
That guards our cities' doors,
We stand at learning's portals wide
And there defend our shores.

We marshal all her armies true,
Put generals in command,
Send Commerce on the wings of trade,
And cultivate the land;
We weave the fabrics in the loom,
We make the spindles sing;
Through us the earth is sanctified
And yields her offering.

The pen is mightier than the sword,
The mind more potent still,
When guided by the living truth
And by unyielding will;

No other mission here below
To mortals has been given,
Whose influence so perfectly
Links lowly earth with heaven.

The silken cords that lead the mind,
And train the human soul
Till, in its full developement,
It spurns the base control
Of the degrading and the false;
But loves the pure and true,
Is spirit born and nurtured well
In lines that we pursue.

The Master knows what seed we sow
And notes the fervor of our toil;
He knows no perfect plant can grow
Upon an arid, frigid soil;
So, patiently broadcast good seeds,
Perchance some may find lodgment where
They may escape fell thorns and weeds,
And, in due time, rich harvest bear.

The skill, fidelity and zeal
By which Truth's seeds you sow
Will fertilize the soil of soul,
Make germs expand and grow
Until their beauty, value, strength
Shall evil drive afar,
Dispel the darkness of the mind,
Reveal Truth's radiant star.

Take heart, take heart, be valiant, strong
We hold our country's trust;
Without our aid her children are
But animated dust;
Devoid of strength, unskilled in art,
A heritage of shame,
Cast on the surging sea of life
For misery to claim.

